

THE SATIRIST,

OR

MONTHLY METEOR.

NOVEMBER 1, 1807.

“ Humano capiti cervicem ‘SCULPTOR’ equinam
Jungere si velit, et varias inducere plumas
Undique collatis membris, ut turpiter atrum
Desinat in piscem mulier formosa superne;
Spectatum admissi risum teneatis, amici?”—HOR. Art. Poet. v. 1.

THE flattering attention you have been pleased to pay me, Mr. Editor, in so immediately admitting my hasty letter from Henley-upon-Thames into your Magazine; in addition to your declaration, that any future communications I may, from time to time, have it in my power to offer you, will not be deemed unacceptable, are motives so powerful, and so irresistible for resuming the pen, that I shall proceed, without further apology, to submit a few additional observations to your attention.

Throughout the swollen catalogue of prevailing foibles and whimsical absurdities of the present day, none perhaps can be named, as standing more conspicuous, nor more deserving the censure and animadversion of the SATIRIST, than the ridiculous *meublomanie*, or rage for furniture and domestic embellishment, which just now pervades all ranks and conditions of society: it is a disorder, beyond all precedent, epidemic; and so essential a requisite is a thorough knowledge of the mechanism and

tructure of chairs, tables, ottomans, and sideboards, to the completion of modern liberal education, that youth of either sex, unable to deliver their sentiments on these topics with fluency and precision, would be considered little better than simpletons, though in all other respects they might be perfectly well-informed. In testimony of the truth of the above remarks, I beg to relate an occurrence which lately befel me. A few days since, whilst taking the diversion of shooting, I happened to be caught in a tremendous storm; the thunder growled angrily around, flashes of vivid lightning followed each other in rapid succession, and the rain poured down in torrents; anxious to reach the nearest shelter, I hastened to a farm-house, highly respectable in appearance, which I perceived at no great distance, and requested a temporary refuge from the fury of contending elements. This favour was immediately granted me by a matron lady, who, as I afterwards learnt, was the mistress of the house, and who was then busily employed in various domestic occupations; and I was proceeding to dry my drenched garments, when an elderly-looking man, hearing a stranger's voice, opened the door of an adjoining apartment, and earnestly invited me to join a family-circle, consisting of his own two daughters, and several female cousins, spending their holidays at Ploughshare-farm.

These ladies, as well as "mamma," had also their employments, though, as it will presently appear, they were of a widely different nature. To this proposal I immediately assented; and equipped in a motley suit of dry clothes, furnished me by my hospitable friend, was ushered into this circle. My surprise will be more easily imagined than described, when, on my entrance, instead of the plain and homely articles of common usage which formerly characterised the dwelling of an English farmer,

I discovered a well-proportioned, though not spacious, room, with walls pannelled, gilt mouldings, and corresponding gewgaws, in the furniture way, of every description. An upright piano-forte occupied a recess at the further end; a pedal-harp (Erard's, I believe) was placed near it; a profusion of music lay scattered on the floor; and ornaments, singular in their ugliness, but in endless variety, decked the chimney-piece.

Unprepared to meet the lustre of so many surrounding charms, I remained for a few seconds quite panic-struck; nor was I aroused from my reverie till one of the damsels, more full of sprightliness and vivacity than her associates, tapped me on the shoulder, and rallied me on my astonishment. One was earnestly engaged in transcribing a celebrated *aria buffa*; another was modelling an emblematical curtain-cornice; a third was drawing patterns for tuckers and trimmings; a fourth was describing on a frame, in all the glare of fire and horror of smoke, a griffin, or hell-fiend, for a hearth-rug, so large, rampant, and tremendous, that, when completed, it must necessarily put to flight both dogs, cats, and all other domestic vermin, who formerly possessed, in undisturbed tranquillity, the prerogative of basking before the parlour-fire.

In a groupe so notable and so industrious, it may naturally be presumed that the arts, and particularly the art of household embellishment, formed the principal topic of conversation; and various, to be sure, were the respective opinions on almost every article of domestic use. One preferred the *chaise-longue à-la-Grec*; another maintained that an Egyptian *sarcophagus* was more conducive to repose; another negatived this assertion, and contended that it was indispensably requisite, in times like the present, that every thing in the furniture-way should bear reference to some well-known and well-approved national achieve-

ment; and that however justly the Egyptian taste might have predominated in the days of the immortal Nelson, events so different, both in conduct and in consequence, had since taken place in that quarter of the globe, that every object calculated to recal them to memory must necessarily prove odious and disgusting. The same objections were urged against the Buenos Ayres drapery, and the Monte Video fire-screen; and it was the unanimous sentiment of all present that even in the composition of a mouse-trap the *talents* of "*All the Talents*" should not be consulted. A crooked, but not on this account cross, young lady now interrupted the speaker, and gave it as her decided opinion, that the *Copenhagen settee*, the *Cronberg toilette*, and the *Baltic e'eritroire*, together with the *Gambier candelabrum*, and the *Catheart commode*, should be universally and instantaneously adopted. Here the smile of approbation illuminated every countenance, and sundry drawings were quickly produced, illustrative of this *little lady's great* conceptions. For my own part, I had not hitherto ventured a remark, wishing, if possible, to observe an amicable neutrality; but being at last forced, in my own despite, into this "war of words," I ventured to say, that, in my humble estimation, all personal allusions in the decorative department should be avoided, particularly during the investigation of the cause of failure in the expedition against South America; and immediately sketched the annexed designs.

Exquisite ugliness appearing to be the characteristic of modern furniture, they may perhaps afford some useful hints to Messrs. Guichard, Oakley, Elliott, Tatham, Walsh Porter, and other enterprising decorators.

I trust I shall not be charged with having trespassed on the tasteful domain of a certain *hope-ful* gentleman who has recently offered his wooden ideas to the world, at the

very moderate price of ten guineas, since my improvements may be executed at a comparatively trifling expence; and though I am fully aware that they will not be more appreciated on this account by the fashionable world at large, where every article is approved or condemned, not according to its intrinsic claim to merit or dispraise, but in proportion as it is costly or reasonable: yet as gentlemen of moderate income do not always allow a *carte-blanche* to their upholsterers, it may prove satisfactory to them to know that the desideratum above alluded to may, at least, be attained without total ruin to themselves and their families.

SYLVESTER SCRUTINY.

Lyminster, Oct. 7, 1807.

EXPLANATION OF THE DESIGNS (*See the Plate*).

No. 1 represents a piece of furniture for a library, supported by a negro. His *arms* form two of the *legs*, and thus constitute a regular quadruped; in addition to the drawers which surround the circle of this table, the body of the figure may be so constructed as to form a receptacle for pamphlets and memoranda; opening, *à posteriori*, with a handle descriptive of the *tail*, so ingeniously ascribed to our primitive parents by the late Lord Monbodo.

No. 2 is a chamber-candlestick, supported by an extraordinary and truly grotesque animal of the ourang-outang species, the original of which was recently exhibited at the Clerkenwell sessions-house, and pronounced by competent *judges* to be, both in shape and disposition, a most wonderful *lusus naturæ*.

No. 3 is a curious specimen of the *Simian* sideboard. The animals supporting the plinth are of that description

which are said to be employed by the islanders of Borneo to deck their caves, collect fuel, and perform all other domestic drudgeries. Between them stands an elegant ice-pail or wine-cooler, in the form of an antediluvian foot-bath, and decorated with ears of *wheat, barley, oats, &c.* in allusion to certain *excrescences* which the ancients are reported to have had upon the *fingers* of their feet: two intoxicated demi-devils support the light, and, from behind the mirror, appear the head and claws of a suckling hell-cat. This article judiciously executed in carved wood would have both a novel, chaste, and pleasing effect.

No. 4 is a superb *ablution-ary* vase, or wash-hand bason, which may, with equal propriety, be executed at Messrs. Rundells and Bridge, or at Colebrook-dale.

No. 5 is a superb ewer: the subject represents the head of a modern beau, on the body of a *belligerent* demi-rep; a small serpent forms the handle, who is biting the jugular vein. This may be also modelled in gold, silver, or clay.

No. 6 is a candelabrum, representing the distorted position of crazy Jane whilst saying,

“ Do my frenzied looks alarm thee ?”

in Mr. G. Lewis’s popular ballad; and is strongly recommended to the fair sex, as a memento not to yield implicit confidence to “ tales of love.” The light issuing from her head is a happy emblem of the fire which consumes her brain. This article, well described in terra cotta or silver, must be both ornamental as well as useful.

No. 7 is a work-table, the top of which is sustained by the ghost of an owl in a winding-sheet, intended to adorn a lady’s boudoir, emblematically signifying that wisdom in such a place is but a shadow.

No. 8 is a design for a drawing-room chair. The back and body represent a female crocodile couchante; two serpents form the elbows; and the ensemble constitutes a beautiful hieroglyphic of the dangerous luxury of a sedentary life. This is not an Egyptian plagiarism, being, as may be perceived from the *mammulæ*, or little teats, a crocodile *sui generis*.

No. 9 is a terminus; at once an elegant ornament, and a convenient wig-block.

No. 10. A drawing-room clock. In this exquisitely superb article, Mr. Editor, allegory is carried to its acmé; but to explain its elegance, simplicity, and significance, would occupy much more time than I can at present devote to you, and more space than you would willingly devote to this communication!!!!*

LIVING SATIRISTS.

THE world has long been sick of formal disquisitions on the merits of the classical and established authors.—Horace, Juvenal, and Persius, Boileau and Pope: their claims to praise have now stood the test of ages; nor can any new observation be expected on their intellectual powers, or moral utility. It may be more novel and curious to examine the pretensions of those poets of our own time and country, whose minds have been directed to satire; to weigh their several faults and excellences; and ascertain, as far as possibility will permit, what works of

* We again solicit a continuance of our friend Sylvester's correspondence. Although he has obliquely alluded to a gentleman, whose taste (as may be seen in our present number) we highly respect, we cannot think of suppressing an article fraught with so much genuine humour, and, generally speaking, with such just and exquisite satire.—E.

the present age seem doomed to perish with their perishable subjects, and which of them bid fair for a portion of that immortality which the well exerted powers of genius, on whatever subject employed, have uniformly exacted from the applause and admiration of mankind.

In this list we apprehend that the academical maxim of *seniores priores* entitles the voluminous Peter Pindar to priority, whether we consider the age of the individual, or the length of time during which he has been known to the public as an author. Thirty years have elapsed since he first held up to ridicule the false taste, the faulty style, and still more culpable disputes and intrigues of the royal academicians, with a force of humour and grave quaintness of expression, which no writer ever excelled. It would be superfluous to mention how soon his muse directed her attacks against a nobler prey, or to specify those works, of which the notoriety and popularity were, for a time at least, unbounded. The august object of Peter's gibes and jeers is said to have given proof of unaffected magnanimity, by heartily joining in the laugh so disloyally, and, we must add, unjustly, excited against himself. The pleasure men take in ridiculing their superiors in rank, and the curiosity to obtain anecdotes of the foibles and follies of the great, have conspired, with the genuine wit and drollery of the pieces themselves, to place these political satires in the first rank of Peter's works.

We are, however, inclined to think, that some of his sallies on more general and more appropriate subjects are possessed of greater intrinsic merit, and for that reason more likely to survive to posterity. Every schoolboy is delighted with the Pilgrims and the Razor-seller; the story of Van Trump is infinitely amusing; and where can we find a more exquisite *vis comica* than in the magical Adventures of the President of the Royal Society in his

pursuit of the Emperor of Morocco? In our judgment, however, the *chef d'œuvre* of this eccentric bard is the pair of eclogues, in which Bozzy and Piozzi, the rival biographers of Johnson, contend for superiority in alternate strains, like Pan and Apollo; and Sir John Hawkins is most appropriately placed, like Midas, in the judgment-seat. Three fairer objects of legitimate satire never existed; the bucolic design is admirable, and the execution displays throughout a strain of dry humour and ironical solemnity which is absolutely Cervantic. The high popularity which Boswell's work has obtained, in spite of its absurdities, and the permanent interest attached to Johnson's character, make it probable that these eclogues will enjoy a more lasting reputation than any of the other works of this author.

It is universally known that Peter Pindar's real name is Wolcot, and that he is a doctor of physic. If we are not mistaken, he has lately aimed at medical celebrity, by declaring himself the inventor of a nostrum for the cure of deafness! which of course is as efficacious as *other nostrums*. We are sorry to say, that for some years past his Pegasus has borne every appearance of a worn-out and jaded hackney. Of the late affair, which afforded so much employ to the minor wits, and introduced Peter to the public in the new characters of a defendant in a court of justice, and a wild gallant in the annals of *crim. con.*; we shall only observe, that Lord Ellenborough and the jury were perfectly satisfied that the charge originated in a foul conspiracy against the character and purse of a *harmless* old man.

Of the work which we shall next notice few of the authors fall under our title of "living satirists." The *Rolliad* has long been admired as one of the finest satires ever produced by politics, and is well known as the united composition of almost all the wits of Mr. Fox's

party, though it is singular that Mr. Sheridan, indisputably the first wit among them all, had no share in it. His brother-in-law, Tickell, the celebrated author of the humorous pamphlet called "Anticipation;" Mr. Hare, the early friend of Charles Fox, in whom that great orator thought he discovered more splendid talents than in any of his contemporaries, but who sinking under the expectation those talents had excited, could never be prevailed upon to open his lips in the House of Commons; and Joseph Richardson, joint-patentee of Drury-lane theatre, whose dramatic works had more than ordinary success, and who particularly excelled in the graceful ease of conversation: these three accomplished scholars, the principal contributors to the *Rolliad*, are now no more. Most probably all the more distinguished members of the party must have lent occasional assistance; but we believe that the two surviving of the "*Rolliad Club*," who were most active in their exertions, are Lord John Townshend and General Fitzpatrick. Though the fugitive interests, and prejudices, and passions, resulting from the then state of parties, have long vanished and passed away, there is so much of the true essence of wit, refined by the most perfect taste and scholarship, in the several poems which form the volume of the *Rolliad*, that no lapse of time can render the perusal of it uninteresting to any mind capable of true satirical relish. The descriptions of Lord Thurlow, the Duke of Richmond, Lord Sydney, Mr. Brook Watson, and many other public men who then occupied a conspicuous station in the political world, are masterpieces of finished humour, which must command lasting admiration. Some of the *Eclogues* abound with admirable characteristic strokes; and there is hardly one of the *Probationary Odes* which would not convulse the most rigid Stoic with laughter.

The modern satirist who appears to have caught the

mantle of Pope is Mr. William Gifford, frequently, but most injuriously, confounded with Mr. John Gifford. It is now full twenty years since a false taste and incorrigible affectation, aided by great harmony of numbers and the tinsel of glittering phrases, and veiled under the appearance of an excessive delicacy and refinement, had completely perverted the public mind in respect to poetry. The effeminate conceits of the Della Crusca school threatened to undermine the old English admiration of our noblest authors; and Merry and Mrs. Robinson, under the names of Lorenzo and Laura Maria, bade fair to drive Shakspeare, Dryden, and Otway from our minds and our libraries. Mr. Gifford has the merit (and a great merit it must be allowed to be by all who know how long the public mind may be blinded by follies that have once become fashionable) of being the first to detect and expose these absurdities which were daily gaining credit in the world. The *Baviad*, an imitation of the first satire of Persius, lays them open to universal contempt and ridicule with a grave severity of sarcasm that reminds the reader of the classical ages. The same attack is vigorously repeated in the *Mæviad*; and we are strongly impressed with the opinion that these two short works will convey their author's name with honour down to succeeding ages. We think their conciseness favourable to their continuance; for undoubtedly there is much truth in Fréron's *bon mot*, applied to the variety of volumes in which Voltaire's works were comprised: "This luggage is too cumbrous to travel to posterity." The only publications, besides those before mentioned, to which Mr. Gifford has affixed his name, are an *Epistle to Peter Pindar*, and a translation of *Juvenal*.

In proportion to the attention originally excited by the "*Pursuits of Literature*," must be the darkness and oblivion in which it will be, or rather is, involved; since the

gross personalities which commanded interest and gratified malignity have died away. Its career is completely at an end. The verses have no pretensions to be considered as poetry; the cumbrous notes in which the text is enveloped, written in imitation of Burke's worst style, are equally offensive to the taste of a scholar and the feelings of a gentleman. Under the cloak of religion he has indulged a spirit of rancour at perpetual variance with that charity which it is the first duty of religion to inculcate: with the love of order and morality on his lips, he constantly violates the first principles of humanity and justice: with professions of the highest respect for the laws of his country, he has filled every page with such malignant libels as would have drawn down the severest vengeance of those laws on his head. The following hasty lines were ascribed to the right honourable Henry Grattan: they were written in pencil on an outside leaf of the book.

" 'Tis well—Pursuits of Literature!
But who and what is the pursuer?
A jesuit cursing popery;
A railer preaching charity;
A reptile, nameless and unknown,
Sprung from the slime of Warburton;
Whose mingled learning, pride, and blundering,
Make wise men stare, and set fools wondering."

These lines (which are quite a sufficient answer to the unimportant question, "Who is the author of the work?") were probably the origin of another poem by the same author, full of the most calumnious abuse against Mr. Grattan, which fell still-born from the press, as did his Epistle to the Emperor of China and to the Rev. Dr. Randolph, though in point of composition they are considerably superior to the Pursuits of Literature.

The poetry of the Antijacobin is in all men's hands,

and it would be superfluous labour to attempt to make it better known to the public. It exhibits every requisite for vigorous and successful satire, combined with the most diverting playfulness of sentiment and manner. The Progress of Man and the Loves of the Triangles are the most whimsical, spirited, and classical parodies we remember, and we do not hesitate to pronounce the mock German play, the very happiest burlesque that ever was produced. The authors, Messrs. Canning, Frere, Ellis, &c. having proved their talents as writers in the Antijacobin, are now enjoying a reward which few satirists can expect for their most powerful sallies, in the highest offices, honours, and emoluments of the state, where their talents are equally conspicuous. We have understood that Mr. Gifford, the author of the Baviad, often united his exertions with this knot of political wits.

Mr. Shee, by the poem which he has modestly entitled "Rhymes on Art," has evinced that genius can attain perfection in more than one pursuit. As a painter, he has long been admired; and we venture to prognosticate, that as a scholar, a poet, and an able satirist, his name will be remembered with honour, when his pictures, like the hand that traced them, shall have mouldered into dust.

In ascertaining the probable quantum and durability of literary reputation to which a satirical work may aspire, two things should be considered: first, whether it has a sufficient temporary interest to attract general notice and popularity at its appearance; secondly, whether it possesses enough of solid, genuine, and intrinsic merit to fix a certain continuance of applause, independently of the accidental circumstances to which it is indebted for notoriety at the outset. The *Pursuer of Literature* has founded his claim on the worst and blackest passions of our nature; but uniformly mistaking malice for humour,

and arrogance for power, he has built his house on a sand, which must be washed away when the calumniated characters shall perish and be forgotten. We may therefore safely predict that these poems cannot possibly survive, both from the nature of their subjects, destitute of all general and permanent interest, and from the mode of execution, calculated as it is for a state of mind inflamed by prejudice, and incapable of appealing from "*Philip drunk to Philip sober.*" Peter Pindar has a better chance; for though his subjects are often extremely confined, his humour is genuine, and is founded in general nature; his faults are an excess of drollery, which is often in danger of degenerating into buffoonery, and a length of narrative in his stories approaching to prolixity. The *Rolliad* and the *Antijacobin* will afford lasting specimens of the brilliant wit and classical attainments which have been eminently enjoyed by the rival parties of this eventful reign. Whether the acts of their several administrations will be regarded as equally demonstrative of their political wisdom, vigour, justice, and moderation, it will be the less pleasing task of the historian to decide. The *Baviad* and *Mæviad* must and will endure, if there be faith in prophecy: their neat versification, their happy adaptation from the originals, their terse language, and their well-pointed and well-directed sarcasms, must vindicate a high place among the classics of England. The very objects of his satire will involuntarily assist in the preservation of his fame; for their strange and abortive stanzas are no longer to be found except in Mr. Gifford's excellent notes, where they will long be searched for as a literary curiosity, the only remaining specimens of that false taste which his good sense and vigorous writing have so effectually exploded.

A RECKONING WITH TIME;

BY GEORGE COLMAN THE YOUNGER.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1806.

COME on, old Time!—nay, that is stuff;—

Gaffer! thou com'st on fast enough;

Wing'd foe to feather'd Cupid!

But, tell me, Sand-man! ere thy grains

Have multiplied upon my brains,

So thick to make me stupid;—

Tell me, Death's Journeyman!—but no;

Hear thou *my* speech;—I will not grow

Irrev'rent while I try it;

For, though I mock thy flight, 'tis said,

Thy forelock fills me with such dread,

I—never take thee by it.

List, then, old *Is*,—*Was*,—and—*To-Be*!

I'll state accounts 'twixt thee and me:—

Thou gav'st me, first, the measles;

With teething wouldst have ta'en me off,

Then, mad'st me, with the hooping-cough,

Thinner than fifty weazles.

Thou gav'st small-pox, (the dragon, now,

That Jenner combats on a cow;)

And, then, some seeds of knowledge;

Grains of the grammar, which the flails

Of pedants thrash upon our tails,

To fit us for a college.

And, when at Christ Church, 'twas thy sport

To rack my brains, with sloe-juice port,

And lectures out of number:—

There Fresh-man Folly quaffs, and sings,
While graduate Dulness clogs thy wings
With mathematic lumber.

Thy pinions, next, (which, while they wave,
Fan all our birth-days to the grave)

I think, ere it was prudent,
Balloon'd me, from the schools, to town,
Where I was *parachuted* down,
A dapper Temple student.

Then, much in dramas did I look ;
Much slighted thee, and great Lord Coke ;
Congreve beat Blackstone hollow ;
Shakspeare made all the statutes stale,
And, in *my* crown, no pleas had Hale,
To supersede Apollo.

Ah, Time ! those raging heats, I find,
Were the mere dog-star of my mind ;
How cool is retrospection !
Youth's gaudy summer-solstice o'er,
Experience yields a mellow store ;
An autumn of reflection !

Why did I let the god of song
Lure me from law, to join his throng,—
Gull'd by some slight applauses ?
What's verse to A when *versus* B ?
Or what John Bull, a comedy,
To pleading John Bull's causes ?

But, though my childhood felt disease,
Though my lank purse, unswoll'n by fees,
Some ragged muse has netted,—
Still, honest Chronos ! 'tis most true,
To thee,—(and, faith, to *others*, too !)
I'm very much indebted :

For thou hast made me gaily tough,
Inured me to each day that's rough,

In hopes of calm to-morrow ;—
And when, old Mower of us all,
Beneath thy sweeping scythe I fall,

Some FEW dear friends will sorrow.

Then, though my idle prose, or rhyme,
Should half an hour, outlive me, Time,

Pray, bid the stone-engravers,
Where'er my bones find church-yard room,
Simply, to chisel on my tomb,

“ Thank Time for all his favours !”

MODERN GRAMMARIANS.

“ *As in præsentî perfectum format in ari;*

Ut, no, nas, navi; vocito, vocitas, vocitavi;

Deme lavo, lavi,” &c.

LILLY'S GRAMMAR.

MR. SATIRIST,

OUR modern grammarians, I am convinced, read *deme* in a very different sense from that in which it is construed by Lilly himself. They do not take it in the sense of excepting, but in the more obvious one of actually taking away the anomalous words, restoring them to their general rule: and for *lavo, lavi, juvo, juvi*, would substitute *lavavi, juvavi*, and so of the rest.

This seems evident from what is going on in our own language. Dr. Johnson says, *sang* and *sung*, and *sank* and *sunk*, are equally the preterite of *sing* and *sink*; and custom,

“ *Quem penes, arbitrium es et jus et norma loquendi,*”

had pretty generally established the latter, till modern re-

formers very lately have chosen to reverse the decree, induced most likely by the celebrated couplet of that celebrated reformer Jack Cade,

“ When Adam *dag*, and Eve *span*,
Who was then a gentleman ?”

I admire their impartiality : let us try a sentence or two on this reformer's equalizing plan. For instance, as this is the shooting season, let us suppose a sportsman writing thus to his friend. “ My pointer *sprang* a covey of birds. I killed two, and *wang* another, which my dog caught, and I *brang* to bag : so I *wan* my bet ; on which my antagonist

“ *Graz* horribly a ghastly smile,”

as if I had *sun* against all laws, human and divine, by winning his money.”

But while I am writing this, it occurs to me we are only doing things by halves. Why not repeal all irregularities by one sweeping clause, and adopt universally the regular form ? Why, if we have *sinned* and *grinned*, shall not we have *beginned* ? Why, since we say a pig is *ringed*, shall we not say the same of a bell, or that a horse is *wringed* in his withers ? The preterite of *drink* I would propose to be immediately reformed, or at least before the 9th of November, that the newspapers of the next day might not libel the hospitality of Guildhall by publishing, that the lord mayor elect and his predecessor, the sheriffs, and the whole court of aldermen, were *drunk* immediately after dinner.

I am, sir, your humble servant,

SAXO GRAMMATICUS.

October 10, 1807.

DEATH OF THE WHIG-CLUB.

MR. SATIRIST,

YOUR new publication has made such a noise in this great city, that I am persuaded you must be a man of some note, and capable of satisfying my doubts on a subject which has given me much uneasiness. You may suppose that poor folks consider it a vast honour to be seated cheek by jowl with huge politicians, mighty lords, and a monstrous duke. Now, sir, I wish you to inform me whether I am to be deprived in future of such *pleasurable sensations* (I borrow these fine words from Mr. Godwin); and if that most excellent institution, the *Whig-Club*, be actually defunct? I put these questions last week to Mr. S—n of the CR—WN and ANCH—R tavern; but he only replied by a deep sigh, and a melancholy groan. However, Mr. F—x M'c——, the large Irishman, who was formerly money-purveyor and *paper-melter* to a great lord, told me, that my fears were *grounded on air*; for, said he, there is a deal of difference between a *body of politicians* and a politician's *body*; deprive the latter of its head, and sure enough you'll rob it of life, as has been incontrovertibly demonstrated in the case of one Despard, a fast friend of unadulterated whiggism, who never spoke a treasonable word—after decapitation; but the former has no more occasion for a head to preserve its existence than a horse has for a halter, though both may be useful as conductors. And therefore, notwithstanding the loss of our chief, while Jockey of Norfolk, and Dicken of no place at all, can drink S—mpk—n's wine at the expence of such good-natured creatures as yourself, the d—v—l take me but the whig-club will survive to *eternity*.

Such was the argument of Mr. F—x M—'c——, who is no fool, and can gull a lord or cheat a bailiff better than

half the *wits* in Newgate. But, Mr. Satirist, as I told you before, he is an Irishman, and his prose is often *poetical*. I heard him, last summer, declare, with much exultation, that he had always been a rigid catholic, and would die in defence of his religion; although an inhabitant of L-st-r roundly swore that he, the said F—x, had once solicited his vote as a *protestant* candidate to represent a *protestant borough*. Am I not, therefore, justified in doubting the correctness of his intelligence? Besides, I have since been assured by a very *worthy* member, who once stood in the pillory for perjury, but who nevertheless frequently speaks the truth, that, although the loss of its head was not fatal to the *whig-club*, the whole body was attacked by a *coalition* of disorders, which ultimately proved destructive to its existence. He stated, that the first unfavourable symptom was a considerable enlargement of the *posteriors*, which was supposed to have resulted from an *improper connection* with certain *political prostitutes*, who, by the bye, had been seduced and ruined by the most celebrated hero of modern whiggism; that, in a short time, many of the *members* became *corrupted*; and that the whole body, immediately after *dissolution*, was in a most deplorable condition. He added, that the *application* of the *doctor* was supposed to have increased the virulence of the disorder.

Now, sir, although your publication has been abused by an INDEPENDENT WHIG,* that has most *sagaciously*

* As it is very desirable that the *proprietors* of the SATIRIST should be acquainted with its *conductor*, they will thank the editor of the INDEPENDENT WHIG to inform them who the said Mr. Bowles is, and where he resides. They are well aware that, as the very existence of *whiggism* depends upon deception and falsehood, it might prove fatal to his puny journal if any matter of fact were to be admitted into its columns, and therefore are not at all angry with him for his abuse of their publication. They cannot, however, pledge themselves to

discovered its conductor to be one Mr. Bowles, I cannot coincide in thinking it either impudent or dull; and notwithstanding I am convinced you hate both whigs* and whiggism, I feel confident that you will not withhold from an industrious tradesman (N. B. like the founder of the whig-club, I am a mercer) that information which, from the natural propensity of mankind to pry into the misfortunes of those whom they detest, you may be presumed to possess; but candidly impart to me your opinion, whether I shall or shall not again have the gratification and glory of feasting, getting drunk, and listening to b—y songs, with that purest of newspaper-editors, Mr. *Chronicle* PERRY; that most honest of honourable men, R. B. S—n, Esquire; and that most erudite, most abstemious, most generous, and most estimable of dukes—his grace of N—.

I am, Mr. Satirist,

Your obedient and very humble servant,

SAMUEL SARNET, Mercer.

Oct. 12.

Please to direct to me at the sign of the MAGGOT and MULBERRY-LEAF, Hockley in the Hole.

A CHARACTER.

No. II.

BEHOLD yon senator, whose patriot calls,
With frequent *Hear him's*, shake St Stephen's walls.
What though the British oak, with civic bough,
Nor laurel's sacred leaves, adorn his brow?

preserve similar serenity of temper if he should, on any future occasion, presume to blast it with his—PRAISE.

* Our correspondent is mistaken; we only detested the whigs when they had the opportunity of doing mischief: now they are out of power we—pity them!

Mix'd with the hop the barley there entwines,
And the bright garland bitter quassia joins :
And, as the streams that muddy vats produce
Vie with the purple vine's pellucid juice,
So shall his eloquence the honours claim
That hung on Pitt's, that hang on Canning's name.
The specious scheme when his dark fancy plann'd,
With learning's wave to inundate the land,
Was it that from this source the mass might draw
The rules of christian faith, or moral law,
View the mild lustre of Religion's beam,
And quaff pure nectar from her hallow'd stream ?
No: 'twas that all Sedition's fiends could feign,
Horne Tooke's wild ravings, and the dreams of Paine,
Might to the rules of Justice be preferr'd,
And fell Rebellion sting the maddening herd ;
Till, as when fermentation swells the stum,
Up to the turbid surface works the scum,
Britannia shall behold, with wondering eyes,
Taylors and brewers o'er her nobles rise.

Hush'd are his cares to rest, his labours sleep
With " ALL THE TALENTS," lull'd in slumber deep.
No longer now he fondly hopes to reign
Domestic lord of Albion's naval train ;
Grasp her bold trident, and, from shore to shore,
Teach her tremendous thunder where to roar :
His mind now moving in an humbler sphere,
From foaming ocean sinks to foaming beer ;
And mingling vat with vat, and sweet with sour,
Teaches the yeasty deluge where to pour ;
His thoughts no more first-rates and frigates share,
But butts and kilderkins engross his care.

TO THE
TRANSPARENT LADIES OF GREAT BRITAIN.

“O shame! where is thy blush?”—SHAKSPEARE.

FAIR CREATURES,

Do not imagine that, because I am an old bachelor, I possess any of those sentiments, in regard to the softer sex, which are usually attributed to men of my description; on the contrary, I assure you that no man in his majesty's dominions entertains a higher respect for the female character, or is more desirous of contributing to the welfare of those to whom we are indebted, in a great measure, for the present civilized state of society. Such being my disposition, I need hardly observe, that it is with infinite concern I have witnessed your adoption of a fashion which, like many other follies, originated in that vortex of dissipation, the French capital. My concern, on this account, is twofold; for it is not alone that I dread the serious injuries to which you expose your charms, your healths, and your constitutions; but my zeal for the honour of my fair countrywomen, my anxiety that they should maintain the reputation of being the most modest as well as the most sensible women in Europe, cause me to feel deeply for them, and to wield my pen with more than ordinary energy, to convince them of the impropriety attendant on their present mode of attiring themselves. The depravity of Parisian morals, and the state of female society in Paris, may be pleaded in excuse for the indelicacy of its *élégantes*; but what can be advanced on the part of those of London, whose delicacy of sentiment, modesty of demeanour, and sound sense, have been the theme of eulogium throughout the continent? Let me ask you, my fair countrywomen, whether a state of nudity, whether an ex-

posure of your *whole* form to the eyes of every libertine, is consonant with the attributes of modesty? Your answer will doubtless be in the negative, unless you have lost that sound sense for which you have been given credit. If such, however, were to be the case, I should not feel much surprised: for as the elegant Roscomon justly observes,

“Want of decency is want of sense.”

Some will perhaps affirm that my strictures are too severe; that women do not dress more lightly than is necessary to display their figures to advantage. Let those who speak thus accompany me to the boxes of the London theatres, view the company which they contain, select from it such as are apparently *impures*, and I will venture to assert, that for *one* apparently virtuous woman, there will be found *ten*, whose dress, or rather want of dress, will class them with the accommodating ladies of Mary-la-bonne parish. I am unwilling to think that any woman of virtue is emulous of copying the appearance of these unfortunate or guilty beings, who from time immemorial have been held in abhorrence by many, and in contempt by all. Nor are the theatres, or other places of public amusement, the only scenes in which decency is thus outraged; our most public streets swarm with *nudes*: the young, the old, the fat, the lean, the ordinary and the handsome, have, as it were, been bitten by fashion or folly (the terms are synonymous), and infected with the *naked-mania*. Females of every description seem anxious to display their disregard for common decorum in the most flagrant point of view; and the very *Abigails* have divested themselves of every petticoat, the dicky not excepted, in order that John the footman, or Tom the valet, may discover the outline of their secret beauties through a transparent calico. Such, my enlightened countrywomen, is the influence of example. You not only expose yourselves to ridicule and the charge of

immodesty, but are the cause of ignorant girls becoming incentives, and most probably victims, to the depravity of mankind; to say nothing of their exposure to one of the most changeable atmospheres in the universe, leaving them liable to a loss of the use of their limbs, and of course to a deprivation of the means of gaining a livelihood. No female whose heart possesses an atom of humanity would, surely, be accessory to such cruelty. Many of you, my fair countrywomen, will perhaps tell me that heretofore your charms were hidden by your habiliments; that your present light drapery lays them open, and serves as lures to the *beaux*. Now let any man put his hand upon his heart, and candidly deliver his opinion with regard to the attractions of a fashionable *nude*; and, if he possess the sentiments of a true Briton, he will say, that she is far from being an object capable of exciting love. If he be a man of veracity, he will with me acknowledge that although the unseemly exposure of a female form may kindle libidinous fires, it will not convey to the manly breast one spark of honourable passion. The charms of a female are similar, in one respect at least, to the fruit of a tree, the greater part of the attractions of which is lost when divested of its leaves. In fine, every body will confess that *something* should be left for imagination, than which there is not a more flattering painter. Hence it is evident, that self-interest pleads in favour of my arguments; and I will with confidence assert, that more girls have been deserted by their lovers from permitting them too freely and frequently to view those charms which Hymen alone should unveil, than from any other circumstance whatsoever.

Fearful I am that I intrude upon your patience; I shall therefore bring my remarks to a conclusion. But first let me intreat my unmarried countrywomen to give their serious attention to what I have already advanced, and to supply my argumentative and persuasive deficiencies by

reflection, and by making a proper use of such portion of understanding as Providence may have blessed them with : the result, I am confident, will be, that modesty will once more reascend that throne which has been usurped by indelicacy, and that the British fair will return to their allegiance. Those who are bound in connubial bonds there is hardly a necessity of informing, that want of propriety, in regard to dress, is a tacit invitation to every libertine to injure a husband in the nicest point, to reduce the wife to a level with the most depraved of her sex, and to ruin the peace of a whole family. And here I cannot refrain from remarking, that to the fashion, which I have endeavoured to place in its proper light, may, in some sort, be attributed the abuses of the marriage-bed, which of late have been so frequent. I have now before me a weekly paper (12th of July last is its date), in which are detailed no less than four *crim. con.* actions, decided in the courts of law within the space of a single week!!! To those elderly dames who exhibit themselves publicly, in a manner disgraceful to their years and sex, and derogatory to the dignity of the matronly character, I strongly recommend the perusal of the fable entitled *the ass turned lap-dog*, from which, unless they be in their dotage, they may deduce an useful moral. Sincerely wishing that this public appeal to the feelings of the fair-sex of Britain may have the desired effect, I remain a well-wisher to all the daughters of Eve, though

Oct. 6, 1807.

AN OLD BACHELOR.

QUERIES ON BOTANY.

MR. EDITOR,

THROUGH the medium of your valuable Miscellany, I am extremely desirous of obtaining satisfactory answers to a few questions, wherein the very dearest interests of so-

ciety are materially involved, and upon which important points I solicit the opinions of the virtuous, the candid, and the dispassionate. Is the study of botany, pursued with so much sanguine avidity by our fashionable females, conducive to any improvement of the mind or heart? Abounds it not in *certain terms* and *appellations, phrases* and *significations*, formerly withheld with strict and trembling caution from the ear and eye of virgin purity?

In short, can botany be considered as a study that is thoroughly correct or proper for the youths of either sex?

To these queries,* involving matter so highly consequential to the happiness of mankind, such answers are most anxiously expected as will bring direct conviction to the mind of

SKEPTIKOS.

Oct. 12, 1807.

LANGUAGE OF NEWSPAPERS.

MR. EDITOR,

I SHALL preface what I am going to say on the subject of newspapers with an extract from the introductory letter to the St. James's Chronicle on its first publication, March 14, 1761. "It may perhaps appear a little odd to you that I should recommend a more than ordinary attention to style; but I cannot help thinking that the style of a newspaper may be productive of equal good and harm with respect to the improvement of the mere English readers in their own native tongue. A newspaper serves, as it were, for a spelling-book and primer to many grown

* For answers to his queries respecting the cow-pox, we beg leave to refer Skeptikos to the Report of the College of Physicians, recently published. Our own sentiments are as decidedly in favour of vaccine inoculation, as they are in opposition to the introduction of *modern* botanical study into our nurseries and female seminaries. We shall treat of the latter practice in some future number.—E.

gentlemen and ladies, as well as to the younglings, and they naturally form their language from it."

I shall now proceed with my admonitions to the editors of our diurnal and weekly papers on this subject, rather shewing them what to avoid in particular instances than what to follow in general, as that would take up too many of your valuable pages.

For the sake of common sense, let every editor, who has any pretence to that qualification, discard from his columns for ever the abominable words, *elegantes* and *fashionables*; let him call a strumpet *a woman of the town*, and not a *Cyprian*. Let us not have the eternal phrase of the *merry dance*; and if the paper chooses to announce the pregnancy of a lady of rank, let us not be for ever told that she is

"As ladies wish to be who love their lords."

If a horse throws his rider, let him be still a horse, and not indignantly called the *animal* or the *beast*, as most probably the accident arose more from want of skill in the biped than vice in the quadruped.

By the way, to return to the *merry dance*. I read in a paper lately, that the *merry dance* was kept up to a very early hour, where the ingenious writer did not recollect that a very early hour to rise is a very late one to go to bed: and this reminds me of the expression of a gentleman of our sister-island, who being late at a ball, and seeing it daylight, said to his partner, "By Jasus, madam, it is to-morrow morning."

After these few remarks on manner, a word or two on matter, and I have done. Why are we to be told when Mr. *This*, and Mrs. *That*, whom no one ever heard of before, came to Lothian's Hotel from Brighton, or are arrived at Bath, Cheltenham, Glasgow, or Edinburgh? What is it to any reader how many fashionables the Countess of *Such-a-thing* had at her rout, or how many great men sat

down to dinner in the evening at the Duke of —'s, and prolonged the festal scene to a late hour? And why, if a man of fortune and family should have so little taste in the autumn as to prefer his family-mansion in Hampshire or Berkshire to the empty streets of London, or the crowded ones of a fishing town, are we to be told that he is gone into these counties on a shooting party? A shooting party may be very pleasant to cockney sportsmen, but the real sportsman who wishes to enjoy the diversion, and not hazard his life or limbs, knows that shooting is not an amusement, like hunting, that can be enjoyed in a crowd, and one gun beside his own is all he wishes to employ.

I am, sir, your humble servant,

PLAIN ENGLISH.

SCENE FROM A NEW DRAMA,

ENTITLED

THE RIVAL COLONELS, OR VOLUNTEER AND REGULAR.

NEVER PERFORMED.

The curtain ascends and discovers Brigadier General BRAGFURD in a melancholy posture. After he has uttered ten sighs, twenty groans, and forty tragic Oh's!!! enter to him Mr. Deputy TWIG, Colonel-commandant of a volunteer corps, and a celebrated pastry-cook and soup-maker.

TWIG.

WHY lours that brow, why droop those lengthen'd ears?
Why are those eye-balls dimm'd with briny tears?
That brow, which once I saw enchas'd with brass,
Those ears erected once like ears of ass;
Those eye-balls, which had once the pow'r to scan
Wisdom and worth in W-ndh-m's wildest plan.
I fain would comfort thee:—my precepts hear,
Though I'm a cook, and thou a brigadier.

BRAGFURD (*starting from his reverie*).

Who talks of comfort? (*discovering Twig*) 'Sdeath! sir,
can it be!

Hast *thou* the insolence to comfort me?

Zounds! how thou mak'st my indignation glow!

I—I thy precepts hear!—Vain *soupman*, no!!

Did I not rail till all St. Stephen's shook

'Gainst thee—vile colonel, deputy, and cook?

TWIG (*somewhat ruffled, but not quite in a perspiration*).

Most true.—But things are chang'd. Thyself and troops

Thou'st since surrender'd to—a *man of soups*.

And if veracity in proverb lies,

“Experience teaches folly to be wise.”

Profession neither makes a man nor mars;

Soldiers may cook, and cooks delight in wars:

He who to-day the pit and stewpan wields,

To-morrow p'rhaps may shine in tented fields:

And he whom *fire* of cannon makes retire

To *contents*, still may stand—the *kitchen fire*.

Liniers* has prov'd that cooks and volunteers

May even conquer—W-ndh-m's brigadiers!

BRAGFURD (*in a devil of a rage*).

Profane not W-ndh-m's name, or, wretch, I vow,

By all the laurels that adorn my brow,

Thou shalt repent thy rashness! Faith, I'll teach

Thee better manners—

TWIG (*sternly*).

How, sir?

BRAGFURD (*somewhat embarrassed*).

In a speech.

* Monsieur Liniers once supported himself by making portable soup.

TWIG (*contemptuously*).

Thy words will harm me not : an honest heart
Slander may wound, but conscience heals the smart.

BRAGFURD (*foaming with rage, and gnashing his teeth*).
Henceforth as heretofore, vile soupman, know,
I'll prove myself thy most invet'rate foe.

TWIG (*with ineffable contempt*).

Get to a nunn'ry, to a nunn'ry go !*

[*Exit TWIG with scorn and indignation.* **BRAGFURD**
gnashes his teeth, d—s his —s, blows his nose, and
exit on the opposite side.

THE ARTS.

No. II.

Ye Gods, what justice rules the ball !
FREEDOM and ARTS together fall ;
Fools grant whate'er AMBITION craves,
And men once ignorant, are slaves.
Till when the lust of tyrant power succeeds,
Some Athens perishes, some Tully bleeds.

THE ambition of the Edinburgh Reviewers has taken an unexpected turn. For the first time we see them anxious to distinguish themselves as critics in the fine arts ; and, in pursuit of this object, endeavouring to cast a stigma on the patriotism, as one means of invalidating the taste and suppressing the example, of Mr. Thomas Hope. That they should fall foul of Mr. Cobbett's patriotic professions, was a thing to be expected :

“ That this tergiverse champion of fraud
Should become the defender of freedom,

* An abominable plagiarism from Shakspeare's Hamlet.—E.

and the principal *reviewer* of passing political occurrences, was not for *Edinburgh* reviewers to endure; but what could possibly tempt them to meddle with Mr. Hope's endeavour to improve the arts of domestic decoration?

Were we inclined to sound an alarm upon their *tocsin*, we might say, that, at a period of so much political importance and of so great public danger, the corps of *Edinburgh* reviewers might surely employ their artillery to wiser purposes than that of opening a masked battery (of heavy metal, *Messieurs Reviewers*, it must be confessed) against an English gentleman, who has peacefully mounted his hobby-horse with the view of shewing his countrymen better roads to that distant dome of Attic elegance and felicity, which all are desirous of reaching.

If the indulgence of this gentleman's taste be indeed a reproach on his patriotism, then are every artist and every patron and encourager of art, at this time misemployed; then is the country indeed in a deplorable state; for then, and under the system of terror which the *Edinburgh* reviewers would establish, may we seriously dread the verification of our motto.

Perhaps, however, the reviewers do not attempt to diffuse more terror than they really felt on contemplating Mr. Hope's publication: perhaps they argued, that if the whole of this great metropolis should be decorated in the style of the single house which Mr. Hope inhabits, it would become an object so very attractive to French rapacity, that the enemy would redouble his efforts to take it; and if London should be lost, what would become of the Scots?

But happily we have not yet occasion to convert the repositories of taste into arsenals; to smelt down our bronzes and cast them into ordnance, nor twist our ladies' hair into ropes, for the enemy is not yet at our gates. Should he approach, we dare believe that our amateurs and diletanti

will not be less forward than our reviewers to "change their pens for truncheons, ink for blood."

Pericles and Alexander, the patrons of art, fought bravely for their respective countries, while Demosthenes—but soft! an Edinburgh reviewer did meet a poet in the field. By the way, we are sorry that Mr. Moore, who in this age of inflated pretenders to poetry, is really a poet, did not recollect, or did not submit to, that classic law, which after the death of Eupolis forbade a poet to appear in battle. An Edinburgh reviewer, however,

"Seeking the bubble reputation even in the *pistol's* mouth,"

did meet a poet in the field; and it was said, that while one party was very near being *penetrated with his own critique*, the other was *as near* being penetrated with *his own immorality*. This however was a false report, or mere flash in the pan of some gentlemen of the police-office. The truth is, that so remarkable an instance of fellow-feeling, and so beautiful, refined, and salutary an example of the retort literary, was not exhibited on that memorable occasion. Of what *was* exhibited the public have never been informed; but the whole controversy was finally *reviewed* in Bow-street, when the reviewer did not, as it *now* appears he ought, and as a *patriotic reviewer* would have done, screw up the courage of the contending parties, and send them against the common enemy. No: he acted more like a timid harmonist; he lowered them till they vibrated (*i. e.* trembled) in unison, and parted without enmity.

We do not forget that we are obliged, however reluctantly, to consider the critique before us as proceeding from the corps of Edinburgh reviewers. We know that the proprietors of the Edinburgh Review have lately been obliged to pay one thousand pounds to compromise a difference with a certain bookseller, and that he is no

longer their London publisher. We know too that in the republic of letters it would be high treason to suppose that books are ever either written or reviewed with any reference at all either to the profits or the resentments of booksellers. Knowing these things, we are compelled to consider the Edinburgh reviewers as volunteers in their brave attack on Mr. Hope's patriotism. Yet when we recollect the general sentiments which these gentlemen entertain of the arts of civilization, and the refinements and elegances of life,—which sentiments have greatly contributed to the deserved popularity and real value of their work,—we cannot help suspecting that not themselves, but some Cato Major of the north has been encouraged, or at least allowed, to step forward upon the present occasion: some recently and self-created censor, who is so *intent* on the duties of his new office, that while he is evidently not pleased that Mr. Hope employed foreign artists and workmen, is “not a little proud of the Roman spirit, which leaves the study of these effeminate elegances to slaves and foreigners, and holds it beneath the dignity of a freeman to be eminently skilled in the decoration of couches and the mounting of chandeliers.”

Be this as it may, we consider the recent publication of Mr. Hope as a laudable endeavour to improve the style of art of the country, in what relates to the decoration of our houses and furniture; as the most promising and praiseworthy attempt which has yet been made in England to familiarise us with the fine forms of antiquity; to render the elegancies of Grecian art subservient to the pleasures of domestic life, and redeem truth in ornament from the corruptions of ignorance and the caprices of fashion.

The highly cultivated people among whom these graceful forms originated, beheld and encouraged the gradual growth of *principle* in the arts, which with them, as Mr. Hope in other words has remarked, was not subject to the

arbitrary waywardness of fashion: they did not, like the moderns, pant after unprincipled novelty in the interior decoration of their architecture; nor rest satisfied with blocks of mere convenience, like the reviewer who stands before us. Whatever of beauty and grandeur the taste and genius of their artists and philosophers refined from the rough ore of nature, continued the object of just admiration, and art only improved, as principle was purified or expanded. The influence of birth, and the whims and puerile conceits of wealthy ignorance, which, among us, so powerfully sway the minds of the multitude, were among them equally disregarded in matters of taste. The bubbles of fashion, which personal vanity inflates, and which here are kept up awhile by the breath of adulation and the influence of example, floated not in the pure atmosphere of Athens.

To gentlemen whose pride and whose pleasure it is to collect, and appropriate, and display the valuable results of Grecian study, the public, we doubt not, will feel deeply indebted. In times of peril they are the conservators of those virtues and those pleasures which chiefly distinguish a civilized from a savage people; and, in the words of a London lecturer, whom we could wish more popular than he seems to be, "we may be proud to recollect, that of tasteful and benevolent minds, formed under the benignant influence, and by the pleasurable excitement, of those arts which embrace elegant and important instruction and extensive benefit, Great Britain possesses some eminent examples. These she should cherish; for to these, more than to any other cause, she will owe the continuance, the extension, and the temperance of her greatness. It is for the sister arts, in concert with such characters, to twist gold with the silken cords that connect natural with moral beauty; to mingle goodness with greatness, by supplying the means of cultivating the imagination *with the*

judgment ; to improve existence into felicity ; to render the mind conscious of her highest energies, while they dilate the heart with benevolence."

We shall now desire the reader's attention more particularly to Mr. Hope's book, of which the public will doubtless perceive, that not the mere "decoration of couches, or mounting of chandeliers," so elegantly sneered at by the reviewer ; but the *principles of ornament*, on which couches, &c. must depend in common with more important matters, is the real subject, though under an humbler title.

Of technical and poetical propriety, and of consistency or relation of parts, Mr. Hope appears to have been particularly studious, and often, though perhaps not always, successfully so ; and his relations, for the most part, consist in the immediate or analogical adaptation of the ornament which he introduces to the purposes, forms, and dimensions of the apartment or utensil which it decorates. In his own words (p. 51), he has aimed at giving to "each a peculiar countenance and character, a pleasing outline and an appropriate meaning." He says of his collection of Greek vases, which are surprising for their number, variety, and beauty, "as these vases were all found in tombs, some especially of the smaller sort, have been placed in recesses, imitating the ancient columbria, or receptacles of cinerary urns. As they relate chiefly to the Bacchanalian rites, which were partly connected with representations of mystic death and regeneration, others of a larger size have been situated in compartments, divided by *terms* surmounted with heads of the Indian, or bearded Bacchus.

"The scenic mask, the thyrsus twined with ivy-leaves, the panther's muzzle and claw, together with other insignia of Bacchus, decorate in several places the furniture of this (the second) room."—"A bronze lamp, bronze candela-

bra, and a few other utensils of a quiet hue and of a sepulchral cast, analogous to the chief contents of the room, form the principal ornaments which accompany the vases." (Pp. 22, 23.) Mr. Hope has, however, omitted to particularise one, which we should esteem among the principal ornaments of the third room of Greek vases, from its propriety of adaptation: it is a sarcophagus at the upper end, containing in its recesses eighteen of the smaller fictile vases, and of which the twenty-seventh plate presents a separate and enlarged outline.

(To be concluded in our next.)

MORMONIA.

LETTER II.

MY DEAR BROTHER,

Jan. 1807.

HAVING given you an outline of our island, I shall proceed to present you with an account of its customs and inhabitants, and commence my career by a description of the mode of government.

In politics every Englishman thinks himself infallible. The Burdettite jackass-driver is not inferior in his own calculation to the Pittite peer: and you among the number of true Britons will be, I know, naturally desirous to hear of our administration.

I was, you well remember, always an advocate for a monarchical government, because I conceived it to be the most natural. This idea of mine was founded thus: as I should consider an animal born with more heads than one a monster, so should I consider a country swayed by a plurality of rulers, politically speaking, a deformity.

"Nulla fides regni sociis, omnisque potestas
Impatiens consortis erat."

And rely upon it, a constitution formed without a KING,

is more adapted to sanguinary despotism than paternal solicitude or steady guidance.

Monarchy is the system here, but the actions of majesty are all controuled, subject to all ranks of the community by their representatives : not that in the present reign such restraint is necessary ; the sovereign of this island rules in his people's hearts ; he LIVES for THEM, and they are ready to DIE for HIM !

To this exalted man what a strong contrast is the ruler of a neighbouring state : a wretch who lately has assumed the reins of government, and trampling on the bleeding bodies of his friends, has finally stepped upon the throne.

His desires are unbounded, his thirst for power insatiable : were he to gain the empire of the stars, the sun itself would be his object ; and thus ambitious of exalted rule, his actions to obtain it are the horrible deeds of plunder and assassination, as uncontrouled by sense of decency as they are unawed by that of shame.

“ La vertu le condamne ; il s'aigrit et s'irrite contr'elle. Tout l'agite, le ronge : il a peur de son ombre, il ne dort nuit ni jour : une garde terrible tient toujours des épées nues et des piques levées autour de sa maison. Il est pâle, et les noirs soucis sont peints sur son visage toujours ridé.”

Compare then, I say, this miscreant to our king, the goodness of whose heart beams in his countenance, and whose private virtues emulate his public ; do this, and wonder when I tell you, that there are those who dare to vilify his character, and asperse his name, while did they but consider, they would discover that the least of all his claims to superiority is his TITLE.

I should, to proceed regularly, now give you some account of the heir-apparent, and all the royal family in succession ; but there are so many of them, and their affairs are so very complicated, that I shall leave them for

the present, and proceed to notice the administration. I almost dread to give you even a sketch of them: they differ so widely from the men I remember in England,* that I shudder at the comparison, and am apt to think the people who tolerate them almost as silly as themselves; and really, dear brother, I can pay them no worse compliment.

Do not, however, draw your conclusions hastily, nor suppose the majority of the nation blind to the imbecility of their leaders. Their errors are too glaring to be overlooked, too evident to be denied; but what avails the knowledge of their weakness? whence comes redress? No where. And the only chance for their destruction is, that they may of *themselves* do something, either so ridiculous, or so infamous, that the general wish of the people may meet the according smile of the sovereign; and the agreeable junto, composed of *dancing fops, wooden-headed plenipotentiaries, fat fools, and drunken mask-makers*,† may lead off in great style, and turned out per force, elegantly resign those situations to wiser men, which neither their hearts nor heads ever qualified them to occupy.‡

I remember reading in the Parliamentary Debates for the year 1735, a speech from a noble lord long since gathered to his fathers, in which he said, “the people of every country will certainly submit to pay any tax laid upon them, if they have a confidence in their governors, and an assurance that the money so raised will be used frugally.”

What confidence then, let me ask, can a nation have in a *little facetious fellow*, whose talents till now had never been exerted but in tastefully displaying variegated lamps

* When Malachi left England the immortal Pitt was at the head of the administration.—*Note by Aminidab.*

† The trade of mask-making in Mormonia is a very decent one, and is much on a par with an English brewer—they deal in deceptions wholesale.

‡ Aminidab Brownrigg informs us, that this desirable event has since occurred, as will be seen in a future letter of his brother's.—E.

about a ball-room, or in leading down a dance with a girl who admired the quickness of his heels more than his tutors ever respected the soundness of his head.

Yet seeing, as we all do here, the inanity, the stupidity of this *lad and his gang*, what is to be said? what done? Nothing! For while there are a sufficient number of hirelings in our senate, with masks so well made, and principles so flexible that they can be brought to forswear their consciences, and vote against their inclinations, their common sense, and the interests of their country; while these men are ready to obey the beck of a minister, however depraved; catch his look, and take his directions how to act; what is to be looked for? It is too plain! we must live in the hourly expectation of seeing our hallowed island, the mart of commerce, and the shrine of freedom, sink into a bankrupt state, a subjugated colony!

Forbid it heaven! forbid it *Mormonians*! Is this your minister? a man who with a degree of impertinent loquacity, equalled only by the futility of his measures, absurd in design, and faint in execution, endeavours to act on new principles, establish new modes, and lay down new rules; who in three short days produced two new and promising taxes, talked about them on the fourth, and withdrew them on the fifth!

“Visne salutari sicut Sejanus? Habere

Tantundem atque summas donare curules;

Illum exercitibus preponere? Tutor haberi

Principis?”

No, *Aminidab*; stick to your ironmonger's shop; and when you hear of such a minister as this, go to your forge, and make a tenpenny nail; and sit down assured you have done more for the good of your country in five minutes by the construction of that useful article, than he would do in as many years.

Ten thousand pardons, but I am interrupted: I hear

the *tong tonka*. You stare! it is a correspondent word with the English knocker; it is formed of a metal something resembling copper, and filled with balls, is hung at our doors. Some one is turning it now, and I must leave my desk to answer it.

It is only the little innocent girl I mentioned in my last. Unsophisticated soul! she tells me every thing she hears. She informs me now that one of the greatest beaux in *Mormonia* has just called at her mother's. Major Topham is nothing to him: he has got a wig joined to his natural beard, which reaches under his chin like the strings of a black nightcap. He is without a mask; but painted white and red. His upper garment is pea-green; his vests five, one red, another blue, a third yellow, a fourth pink, and the last in imitation of a leopard's skin, and each furnished with at least one hundred buttons.

He fancies himself in love with my little innocent one; the passion, however, is not reciprocal; she hates him: and came running to me from the next door, which is her mother's habitation, for my protection. Her cheeks were flushed, and her bosom, white as the mountain snow, heaved with the soft emotions of timidity.

When she entered my door she was, I think, looking more lovely than any thing I ever saw. She was dressed in white, her robe simply fastened with a cornelian broach which I gave her, and which I had from my mother-in-law. Don't you remember it? a little god standing erect with his feet upon a stone, his head looking up, and his hair flowing over his shoulders: that's the very one; she wears that with no other ornament, save a pink ribband drawn through her light waving ringlets, and another round her waist.

"Give me but what that ribband bound,

Take all the rest the sun goes round."

Do you think I may venture on a Mormonian wife? If

I may, I will; for without her I cannot exist. Here, as I live, comes the beau with her mother! Gracious heavens, what a figure! He rolls himself into a thousand shapes; his clothes all hang loose about him. They are actually coming into the house. He is here. I must bid adieu to writing for the present.

I have been prevailed upon by this extraordinary creature to join a party of authors, of which he is one; I hasten therefore to the assembly, and in my next shall give you a concise account of them. Till when believe me ever yours.

MALACHI BROWNRIGG.

.....

A PORTRAIT FROM LIFE.

TO ———, ESQ.

—————

Strong intellect! perception quick and clear!

Talents, more prone to dazzle than to warm!

Virtues, which serve those talents to endear!

Feelings, which lend a fascinating charm!

A winning countenance, and glowing soul!

Insinuating manners, soft and mild!

Genius, submitting to the proud controul

Of Judgment, Reason's last and favourite child!

Nature design'd this creature to be great,

But Vanity behind the matron stole,

And ere she closed the volume of his fate,

Wrote her own name! and *propertied the whole.*

E. TREFUSIS.

.....

POLITICS.

—————

IN pursuance of our plan of detecting falsehood, exposing ignorance, and (as much as lies in our power) of

defeating mischief, we conceive that our labours cannot now be better directed than in animadverting upon the scandalous and treasonable doctrines of a *Sunday* paper called the *INDEPENDENT WHIG* : and in laying open to the eyes of the public the *views* of those who have the conduct of that infamous production.

The manly good sense of our countrymen has, upon such subjects, been frequently appealed to ; and has constantly answered the call in a manner that has been creditable to their intellect, honourable to their feelings, and destructive to the plots of their insidious and flagitious foe. In ordinary times an exhibition of the *contradictions* which swarm in all such pestiferous publications, might perhaps have been sufficient to prevent their influence ; the present portentous crisis, however, demands a full and complete exposure of their nefarious nature, pernicious tendency, and execrable object.

We approach the filthy work with reluctance ; but we are incited by an honest hope that our vigilance and exertions will “do the state some service.” This publication is in fact (notwithstanding even the libels of Cobbett), the *Koran* of *INSURRECTION*. The chief priest who disseminates its doctrines we consider, “*Ille mihi feriendus aper qui maximus errat :*” and we mean, whenever he affords us an opportunity, to do him merited homage. The *junto* who are concerned with him in the pious work are, we understand, of the middling and lower classes of society : some are, in fact, the very dregs of the community. They are those who, having nothing to lose, have every thing to gain by anarchy and confusion : and for the purpose of more readily accomplishing their end, Sir — — (that modern rival of Catiline) is at present the God of their idolatry. Most of them are constant frequenters of a well-known spouting-club in *Brewer-street*, where, from having had their fancies heated by a

furious debate upon the comparative merits of quack-doctors and attorneys; upon stage-playing, cock-fighting, and other questions of equal high moment, *each* instantly imagines himself a Lycurgus, or a Solon, disdainfully throws away the thimble or the awl, feels himself born to decide upon the gravest matters of policy, and deems himself designed by heaven to work the regeneration of the human race. Being thus bereft of the little sense with which nature had endowed them (sufficient, however, for their own shop-boards), they commence political reformers and inflexible patriots, and bandy about the high-sounding names of Hampden, Crito, Tiberius Gracchus, and other worthies, with more facility, if possible, but with less knowledge, than a junior boy at any of our public schools. The topics which they handle are the common-place subjects of corruption, and insufferable tyranny. Their opinions are the same as have been mouthed by every ragged rebel for more than a century past. To argument they have no pretension: their genius scorns the fetters of rigorous logic, and soars in the clouds of wild and boundless rhapsody. The most hackneyed subjects are decked out "with an empty furniture of phrase," bloom in all the beauty of universal philanthropy, and swell in all the majesty of bombast. They are, in a word, dexterously calculated to amaze the multitude, delude the ignorant, and entrap the thoughtless.

The opposition of these propagators of insurrection is not against any particular party by which this nation has been directed and benefited: but against all the virtuous and venerable institutions of the country; against the very form and fashion of the state. They decry, abhor, and are at open war with, the present establishment of church and state: and with "the accursed red-book," *because*, as they have candidly avowed (and the reason is certainly cogent), *their names* are not found in it. Their watch-

word is,—the *constitution*; but their secret countersign,—
REVOLUTION.

“ They bawl for Freedom in their senseless mood,
But still revolt when Truth would set them free;
LICENCE they mean, when they call *Liberty*,
For who loves that must first be wise and good.”

The writers of this publication *personally insult their* sovereign, and strive to bring his government into contempt: whilst they applaud, in the most *extravagant* terms, the tyrant whose great and undiverted object is the conquest of this country, and the annihilation of the liberties of Europe. They treat the whole order of nobility, in one indiscriminating mass, with the grossest and most vulgar insolence; and, in imitation of their great master, they represent them as a gang of robbers who plunder the pockets, and devour the vitals of the people. Our own resources they decry, our national strength they depreciate and despise: whilst the power of our enemy is exaggerated, admired, and, as loudly as they dare, exulted at. The wholesome restraints of law they naturally abuse, as the galling impositions of injustice and tyranny: the present order of things, in fact, they proclaim to be beyond further endurance; and a “*complete reform*” is loudly announced as the only road to perpetual peace and universal happiness:

“ When TOOKE shall reign, and laws be all repealed.”

Such are the sentiments, such the principles, such the objects of these great apostles of reform and rebellion. We present our readers with a few extracts from their creed, that they may judge for themselves.

In the “*INDEPENDENT WHIG*” of Sunday the 23d of August last, may be seen a letter signed “*Hampden*,” and entitled “*An enquiry into the capacity of the King to execute with his accustomed wisdom and precision the functions of majesty.*”

This is, we should think, a bold subject to handle ; and the ingenious essayist, after indulging himself in a variety of *generalities*, pointed, however, as sharply as was consistent with his personal safety (we do not know if it be *conscience* that makes cowards of Jacobins), to an individual case, comes to this conclusion, that “ whenever the royal mind is impaired, or even subject to temporary derangement ; or whenever any defect in any of the *senses* of the person exercising the office of sovereign becomes so great as to require the interposition of another person as an interpreter between him and the world, that then the trust is too important to be confided to a third person, whatever his rank or character for probity may be : *because* if the sovereign, who does NOT SEE with his own eyes, and hear with his own ears, cannot be said to act entirely from his own knowledge and perceptions, he becomes, in fact, an automaton in the hands of another : and what security can we have that the royal understanding will not be abused by that person, and the kingly character degraded to a cypher ? ”

The aim of this modern “ Hampden,” whose cowardice will most probably prevent him from having the honour of dying “ in the *field*,” but whose merits may possibly conduct him to the reward of Sydney “ on the *scaffold*,” is too glaring, in fact, to require comment. He hopes to delude his more ignorant readers by an opinion, that because our revered sovereign suffers a weakness of sight, he actually labours under a diminution of his mental and bodily strength, and is utterly *incapable of exercising* the functions of royalty. We are happy, however, to be able to undeceive them upon so interesting a point ; and we can assure them that, with the exception of his weakness of sight, he enjoys as much health of body, and possesses (as he recently most distinctly proved) as much vigour of mind as at any former period of his life.

Lest these hints for deposition should fail of producing their object, the indefatigable editor inserts, in the same hot-bed of sedition, something of his own growth: but allusions so coarse, brutal, malicious, and wicked, beggar invective; and we will not disgust our readers by transplanting his pestiferous nightshade into the pages of the Satirist. We are not surprised that the writers in this paper betray such alarm and anxiety about the law of treason as it now exists: they naturally rail at it with the same feelings that urge a thief to deprecate the laws which prohibit burglary and theft.

From grave and gloomy malignity, let us now turn our eyes to merry malice. From these intelligible insinuations of imbecility and incapacity to rule, let us observe the sallies of ridicule which this versatile citizen intends shall equally answer his purpose of shaking the affections of Englishmen from their king, and thus accomplishing his favourite project of reform. The reader will not, by this time, be surprised to see these sportive effusions present themselves in the shape of

L I E S.

1. "We take upon ourselves to assert, that the king was *adverse* to the expedition against Denmark."—Ind. Whig, Aug. 30.
2. "A work of considerable *merit*, and most pathetically written, has lately been published at Copenhagen, entitled 'The Spendthrift, or the Tragedy of George Barnwell reversed;' in which the *nephew*, a very gallant and deserving youth, is perfidiously *assassinated* by a band of ruffians, in obedience to the *ORDERS* of an avaricious *OLD UNCLE*."—Ind. Whig, Aug. 30.

The modesty of the first *assertion* is equalled only by its veracity. Had the catholic bill indeed passed, and his majesty been converted to the Romish faith, it is just within the region of possibility that his *private* sentiments might have been known to this writer (who, we shrewdly

suspect, is not one of the present cabinet ministers); but that it is likely he would, even in that case, have chosen an "*Independent Whig*" for his father-confessor we are inclined to think very improbable. We are quite at a loss to conjecture what *motive* could induce his majesty to be "*adverse*" to an expedition which he himself declares to have been "*necessary*," in order to anticipate the success of a system not more *fatal to his interests* than those of the powers who were destined to be the "*instruments of its execution*," and which this sagacious writer proclaims to have been for the *gratification of his "avarice."* That the Crown Prince has been "*assassinated*," or that "*orders*" to that effect were ever given by his "*uncle*," are a brace of foul and infamous lies, for which the author deserves to lose his ears.

After these towering flights of insolence, it may, perhaps, be thought scarcely necessary to notice the abuse which is lavished on less exalted characters. We are naturally anxious, however, to *prove* our declaration that the hostility of this publication is directed, not against this or that party, but against all men who have proved themselves firm friends to the present frame of the state, and avowed enemies to any wild scheme of reform.

This proof may be discovered under the mask of

WILFUL MISTATEMENTS.

1. "It is to Lord Melville we owe, in a great measure, the present war, dating its commencement in 1793."—*Ind. Whig*, Aug. 16.
2. "He (Lord Melville) had sufficient cunning to turn to his own advantage the general and well merited odium in which his *sanguinary* and contemptible predecessor was held by seamen and by landmen, who had any knowledge of his lordship's character."—*Ind. Whig*, Aug. 16.

The first of these assertions, unless the writer be as ignorant as he is vicious, was known by him to be *false* when

he made it. The merit of involving this country in a war with France in 1793, is divided between Robespierre and Brissot. One of the charges brought against the latter miscreant, at his trial, was "that he had been the author of the attack upon Holland and *England*." The tyrant did not attempt to refute or deny the accusation, but contented himself with endeavouring to prove that the war did not originate with *him*, but was to be ascribed solely to Robespierre.

With respect to the second assertion, we must frankly own that we have never heard of any blood that has been shed by the hero of Cape St. Vincent, except that of the enemies of his country. Whatever opinions may be entertained of his lordship as a statesman, none but foreign foes and domestic traitors ever denied him the praise of true valour and real patriotism. Such virtues are, however, certainly sufficient to call forth the calumnies of the Independent Whig.

"Considering Mr. Windham was a member of the then government, and one of the representatives of the people, the expression of 'acquitted felons' was *atrocious*, applied to men absolved from *all guilt* by the verdict of a jury."—Ind. Whig, Aug. 30.

"The country will have to deplore the admission of *two accused delinquents* into the councils of their country. One 'who is accused of tyranny and malversation in Asia:' the other so branded and stigmatised, that, in better times, the peers would have kept away from him as from contagion."—Ind. Whig, Aug. 16.

In commenting upon the crime of which Mr. Windham is accused, we must begin by declaring that the allegation is *false* in point of fact. This circumstance is in itself of slender consequence, but it marks the *accuracy* of the writer's information, and the *justness* of his accusations. The phrase, "acquitted felons," was first used in

the House of Commons by Mr. (now Judge) Hardinge. Though we think it happily chosen for the subject, we should not have entered into a criticism concerning its propriety, if we were not forced by the ill-guided zeal of this defender of *radical* REFORMERS. A band of worthies had, in the year 1794, enrolled themselves into a corps for the purpose of reforming or revolutionizing the polity of this country. They were detected, and tried for treason, but, from the extreme difficulty of proving the overt act of *this* crime, they were acquitted : though irrefragably proved to have been guilty of *sedition practices*. So palpable indeed was the conspiracy that was working to undermine and demolish the whole frame of the British constitution, that had *sedition*, instead of treason, been the charge preferred against them, so manifestly, and even triumphantly, did this appear, and so undoubted was *this* crime, nothing could have saved them from the punishment due to their guilt. We now leave to the calm judgment of our readers the decision of this question, whether, after this faithful statement of the case, there is much "atrocious" in the employment of the phrase.

We are so sensible, however, of the delicacy of this subject, that we should willingly have avoided all discussion of it, had we not been driven to it by the imprudent zeal of this writer for the reputation of his friends. An indiscreet advocate is often more injurious than an open accuser ; and had not this public professor of reform raked up the ashes of foul and desperate conspiracies, which we could wish to forget, we should never have canvassed the characters of men who had been acquitted by a jury of their countrymen of the crimes laid to their charge. Our veneration for the matchless equity of the British laws would, at all times, indispose us to scrutinize the past actions of men whom she had pronounced "not guilty" of the charges alleged against them, and whom

she had therefore covered with her shield from future prosecution. And we cannot but hold up to the admiration of all lovers of justice the *modest consistency* of a publication which reprobates the repetition of a phrase respecting men accused of treason, but guilty *only* of *sedition*; when it lavishes similar, if not more opprobrious, language upon a nobleman who has devoted a long life to the service of the state; who, for purposes sufficiently known, was declared by a particular party guilty of the grossest misdemeanours and blackest crimes, and industriously held up to the scorn and execration of mankind, in terms of reproach that were never raised by them against the *murderer of Jaffa*, before he was allowed a trial; and who, after this common right of every Briton was granted, was pronounced INNOCENT BY THE VERDICT OF HIS PEERS. Nature has implanted in every animal an instinctive knowledge of its enemy; and the "Independent Whig" naturally abhors a statesman whom even unmerited persecution could never render indifferent to the interests of his country, or inattentive to the machinations of its internal foes.

Enough has been shewn, we believe, to demonstrate the tendency of these labours to persuade the natives of this free and happy country that corruption has so rotted all the orders of society, all the ancient institutions, and the very fabric of the state itself, that *necessity* imperiously justifies and demands an universal change: that a "complete REFORM" alone can thoroughly wash away the "guilt* and folly which have uniformly marked his majesty's councils from the commencement of his unfortunate

* Vide Independent Whig, Aug. 30. How this opinion can be reconciled with the compliment paid to the "*accustomed wisdom* and precision of his majesty," in the Ind. Whig of 23d Aug. we are unable to discover.

reign." To inflame the feelings of the languid, and to infuriate the passions of the desperate, "apprehensions"* are held out that it is the "intention of ministers to rule by a military force." To confirm the wavering; and to embolden the timid, the encouraging assurance is given that "a REVOLUTION† commenced, is virtually accomplished." We scarcely ever remember to have met with a more animating sentiment! How rapidly will the news of the delightful discovery run through every "little senate" of 'prentice-politicians and rising reformers! What joy will warm the bosoms of those few members of the late Corresponding Society who have escaped transportation and the gallows! How will their hearts swell within them, and their *energies* cry to be employed in the glorious work of regenerating the liberties of *enslaved Englishmen*! With what irresistible eloquence will the tender brood of infant Jacobins (who as yet are "half-pleased and half-afraid") be *convinced* of the necessity of a revolution, when they are informed that "the chancellor of the exchequer gives 100 guineas a month rent for a furnished house at Clapham!" What virtuous indignation will rouse their feelings when they learn that ministers of state have always received a salary, like all other servants of the government, for the sacrifice of other professions in life, and for the devotion of their time and talents to the service of the country; and that they have always had the liberty, like other men, to spend their money as they chose!!

That the recent expedition to the Baltic should have excited the premature condemnation and the outrageous reproaches of this publication was natural. It was to be expected. A measure, of which the sole object was the *prevention* of the seizure of the Danish fleet by Ali Brutus

* Ind. Whig, Sept. 13.

† Ind. Whig, Sept. 6.

Buonaparte, for the purpose of turning it against the British dominions, was enough to rouse the anger, the hatred, and the infuriate passions of the "Independent Whig." Against this measure, therefore, its editor has incessantly poured forth all the epithets of abuse that language could furnish to indignation. *Before* it was carried into execution, and during the period which the humanity of ministers devoted to the offices of persuasion, the *success* of our arms was "doubted," and was deprecated by his most sincere and fervent prayers. "It will* be difficult," says he, "not to wish the Danes success." This proud proof of the prevalence of *French* philosophy, and of a victory over patriotic prejudices, was triumphantly displayed *after* this editor had announced that "ministers pretended to have fully ascertained that it was the intention of Buonaparte to *have forced Denmark into a confederacy against this country.*" We must not omit to observe, however, that the sturdiness of this *unprejudiced* and enlightened politician would not admit that the "*injustice of the expedition*" was at all varied, "whether they were right or wrong in their conclusion:" though he did not deign to assign any arguments in support of his opinions; and forgot to cite any writer upon public law as an authority for so novel and staggering a paradox. The violence of his animosity would not allow him leisure or disposition for serious argument, when he was vomiting the foulest abuse against the views of ministry and the *character of the country*, that the most diabolical malignity could excite. Amidst all the rubbish of reproach that has been heaped upon this measure, the only thing that we could select, bearing even the semblance of argument, in proof of its injustice, is that *because* † Buona-

* Ind. Whig, Sept. 6.

† Ditto, Sept. 13.

parte might, at any time, have demanded the province of Holstein, and has not done it, "we had no right to assume, without proof, that he would have demanded the island of Zealand and the Danish fleet." This acute disputant forgets surely that the Danish fleet was worth to the menacing invader of Great Britain (whose marine was annihilated by her *single-handed*) a hundred Holsteins; and that this neglect to take what was of no great consequence, is no positive proof of no intention existing to seize what was of the highest and most pressing necessity. The sagacity or sincerity of his conclusion, that Buonaparte would *not* seize the fleet when it was fit for his use, merely because he had *not yet* taken Holstein, which was of no use to him, will be much doubted when it is known that, in the same paper, he announces that "Buonaparte has *again* extended his requisition to Portugal; he has demanded that ten ships (of the line) be immediately equipped and consigned to his disposal; and that thirty millions of crusadoes (about three and a half millions sterling) be immediately paid him." The attempt of the Whig to doubt or to deny the utter inability of Denmark to "refuse the request," when the confession has been made by himself, that "Buonaparte could, at any time, have demanded the province of Holstein;" when it is recollected that he had an immense army at that moment almost hovering over its frontier; and, above all, when it is remembered that the "inability to resist the operation of external influence, and the *threats* of a formidable *neighbouring power*, were the reasons avowed by Denmark for her departure from her neutrality, and her engaging in a hostile confederacy against Great Britain at the close of the former war," will be deemed a disgusting instance of shameless impudence, or pitiable idiocy, that are unworthy to be complimented with an argument.—Vide "BRITISH DECLARATION."

When the object of the expedition, however, had been fully attained (“of the ultimate success of which considerable doubts had been entertained”*) so furious was the editor at the folly of his predictions, and the failure of his hopes, that he could not restrain the confession “*that he should have REJOICED if the British navy had retired from the shores of Copenhagen DISCOMFITED and DISGRACED!*” Such a sentiment from a Briton should be held up to the execration of his countrymen and of the world. So pestilent and detestable an enemy of his country deserves to be accursed to the last generations of mankind!

After this display of the *heart* of such a writer, no respect can ever again be felt for the conceptions of his *head*. He is an object deserving at once our contempt and abhorrence. He is a Jacobin of so incorrigible and dangerous a nature, that he requires, and we hope will obtain, the *constant vigilance of government*. After the masterly vindication of the conduct of our king, which is furnished by the “Declaration,” it would be equally presumptuous and useless to say a word in justification of a measure which our just and gracious sovereign has affirmed to have been necessary “for the *immediate security of his people*,” and against which nothing like argument has yet been opposed. Attempts, indeed, have been most indecently made to disprove the *justice* of the proceeding, on the ground of its being an act of aggression towards a neutral and pacific power, when the notoriety of the infamous *frauds* which this power has, during the whole of the present war (dating its commencement from 1793), carried on against the commerce of our country, *for the benefit of France*, proves her, at least, to be the *secret associate and clandestine friend* of our enemies, and corroborates the in-

* Ind. Whig, Sept. 13.

telligence which we possess of her *intending to accommodate Buonaparte with the use of her fleet*. The most audacious exertions also have been (uselessly) employed to deny the *necessity* of the expedition, although his majesty declares to Europe and to the world, that “ he had received the most *positive information* of the determination of the present ruler of France to occupy, with a military force, the territory of Holstein, for the purpose of excluding Great Britain from all her accustomed channels of communication with the continent; of inducing or compelling the court of Denmark to close the passage of the Sound against the British commerce and navigation, and of availing himself of the aid of the *Danish marine* for the INVASION OF GREAT BRITAIN and IRELAND.” The reasons why such intention, on the part of the tyrant of Europe, is doubted, is because he had before violated the neutrality of Anspach to attack Austria, because he had already violated the independence of neutral *Hamburgh*, and had annihilated the liberties of most of the states of Europe; and the reason why a disbelief is entertained of the solemn assurances of our mild and beneficent sovereign, is because his veracity and good faith have never been called in question, even in the tumult of contending factions, or amidst the animosity of foreign quarrel.

It would be unfair, however, to conceal an argument which this assailant of his country has urged in support of his opinions; and which, for its ingenuity and novelty merits admiration: *because* our sovereign has justified, by arguments at once convincing and unanswerable, his measures in the Baltic, *since* they have been accomplished, it is maintained that a vindication of them *ought* to have been produced *before* they had been undertaken. “ Ministers owed to his majesty, to the people of this country, to Europe, and to the world, a frank exposition of their motives

for not offering it (the Declaration) *before* those dreadful measures were adopted, instead of delaying it *till after* they had bombarded the capital, slaughtered its peaceable inhabitants, and reduced their city to ashes!" In the truth and wisdom of this sage opinion it is impossible not to concur. Prudence and politeness equally required that his majesty's ministers should have acquainted "the world" with the particulars of their intentions through the medium of the "*Independent Whig*," in some such civil note as the following :

"The king's *confidential* servants present their best respects to the editor of the "*Independent Whig*," and beg to inform him, that being apprized, from the most indubitable evidence, of a plan being speedily preparing, by which Buonaparte is to become master of the Danish navy, properly equipped for the invasion of these dominions, it is their intention to frustrate it, by demanding from the Danish government the custody of such navy during the war (for which the honour of his majesty and the faith of the state will be pledged) ; and in case of refusal, by taking possession of it by force. His majesty's ministers, however, notwithstanding their conviction of the justice and necessity of the measure, are certainly determined not to carry it into execution, unless it should meet the approbation of the editor of the "*Independent Whig*," and of the discerning part of the people. They therefore wait with anxiety till their sense should be expressed by a discussion of the question at the British Forum."

To this we can easily conjecture the sort of answer that would have been returned.

"The editor of the *Independent Whig* acquaints the faction who have seized the government of the country, that, after a most eloquent and animated discussion of the question at the Forum, "before an elegant and crowded

assembly of *both sexes*," (in which several members of the celebrated Corresponding Society took a conspicuous part, and in which poor John Gale Jones exerted himself with such force and feeling, that he unfortunately broke a blood vessel), it was decided, that on no account whatever should any opposition be given by this country to any of the philanthropic plans of the great pacificator of Europe and benefactor of the human race; the virtuous "vicegerent of heaven, whom God Almighty has pleased to depute upon earth with something like his own *omnipotence* and wisdom."

In displaying the various qualities of this extraordinary weekly publication, we must not forget to exhibit a rare specimen of English style. It may be seen in a letter to Englishmen, signed "Declamator."* Our limits will not allow us, unfortunately, to give more than an extract: but *ex pede Herculem*. "May that great all-dispensing power, who gives empires existence, and who deals *death* and oblivion to kings and *thrones*; may he that raises from the dust worthy merit, and before whom princes, powers, hierarchies, and dominions, crouch and tremble like sycophants, visit you, Englishmen, with his all-inspiring heaven-born *influences*! and may his pity reach your sufferings and your *oppression*, and his arm omnipotent release you from your thralldom! May *high* heaven guard you against the Machiavalian projects of your enemy, of your present governors, and introduce among you a *new* and *better* order of things! May a great, rich, and enlightened nation possess great and enlightened rulers! May oppression and oppressors be detested and abhorred for ever! May licentiousness, covetousness, avarice, pe-

* Which signature translated into plain English would be, if we are not much mistaken, JOHN GALE JONES.

culatation, corruption, and venality, in our directors be done away! May the heads of the people cease to disseminate these pernicious practices and examples among the people! May torturers of every description, whether the lovers and advocates of man-bruising or bull-baiting, be abhorred every where, and rooted out from amongst us! May we soon cease to behold our *very great* ones, very great drunkards, very great fornicators, very great adulterers, and very great *breeders* of bastards! May virtue, piety, and truth, yet get *footing* amongst us; and may the leaves of the *portentous red book* be scattered away, and its *heinous contents* blotted out for ever! May God Almighty, or some *vicegerent* whom he may please to *depute* upon earth with *something like his own omnipotence and wisdom*, who presides over presidencies, and in whose hands governments, kingdoms, and states, *are little things*, who can create and who can destroy, whose breath *blasts kings* before him, and whose right hand can create and ordain princes, abolish and erase *villains*, apostate FELONS, mercenary cruel self-interested *scoundrels*, from the book and volume of the state! And may he extend to our shores those cheering *influences*, those soul-inspiring *harmonies*, those *sweet accordances*, those patriotic *rousing* and rewarding blessings, that he in his wisdom hath dispensed, and is dispensing to *other and happier* countries."

After having given this brilliant example of inimitable and overpowering language; an example which Quintilian would have cited as a magnificent model of the true sublime, we are obliged to take leave, we hope for ever, of this work, which is at once weak and wicked; a work in which, with few exceptions,

"Each line's a LIBEL, and each word a LIE."

THE ASS OF TASTE, A FABLE.

ADDRESSED TO THE VIRTUOSI.

O YE, with all true science graced,
 Ye guardians of a nation's taste ;
 Pure worshippers of Greece and Rome,
 Who hate all genius bred at home ;
 Ye liberal patrons of the dead,
 Who doat upon an antique head,
 And would almost exchange your own
 For one by Phidias, made of stone ;
 Ye sapient monarchs of virtù,
 We dedicate our tale to you.

An Ass, in fat Bæotia bred,
 (A clime not famous, as 'tis said,
 For breeding asses with much brains,)
 Resolv'd to quit his native plains,
 And like an Ass of taste and parts,
 To visit Athens, seat of arts.
 Our Ass, who did not want a face,
 Soon scrap'd acquaintance in the place ;
 And though, in truth, it must be own'd,
 Most of the asinine beau-monde
 Would, by side leers, their sense express
 Of his conceit and clownishness ;
 Yet as he brought an ample sack,
 Well stored with oats, upon his back,
 All the genteelest asses there
 Would daily at his table fare :
 Protesting though, 'twas out of love,
 They ate what they could not approve ;
 For, to say truth, oats were gross food,
 Which dull'd the brain, and fired the blood ;

That thistles and the simple grasses
Were eaten by politer asses ;
And cabbage-stalks were a repast
Much more to an Athenian taste,
Our Ass, believing what they said,
On cabbage-stalks and thistles fed ;
And bless'd their civil Attic throats,
That kindly swallow'd all his oats,

And now that he had seen whate'er
Athens could boast of great or rare,
He homeward bent his steps, in haste
To civilize his country's taste.
His friends, who had suppos'd him dead,
Received with wonder all he said ;
And thought what honour to confer
Worthy so great a traveller.
He told all he had seen and heard,
Praising himself at every word ;
Talk'd of Athenian modes and taste,
And swore the nation were disgrac'd,
Unless they would, as he advised,
Consent to be *Athenianized*.
In short, he proved their taste not good,
That oats were gross *unclassic* food ;
And as he was a travelled Ass,
Who could with him dispute the case ?
So to evince their Attic taste,
They sent off all their oats post-haste
To Athens, begging a supply
Of Attic food : the Athenians sly
Grinned at their bargain, and like cheats
Returned,—the *sweepings of their streets*.

Oxford, Oct. 1807.

NEMO.

LE BOUQUET. No. II.

"I have here only made a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought nothing of my own but the thread that ties them."—MONTAIGNE.

THE CAMERA OBSCURA.

IN a letter from Sir Henry Wootton to Lord Bacon is the following curious relation respecting Kepler, the celebrated astronomer and mathematician; to whom Sir Henry, then being ambassador to one of the princes of Germany, had made a visit.

"I laid a night at Lintz, the metropolis of the higher Austria, but then in very low estate, having been newly taken by the Duke of Bavaria, who, *blandiente fortunâ*, was gone on to the late effects: there I found Kepler, a man famous in the sciences, as your lordship knows, to whom I purpose to convey from hence one of your books, that he may see we have some of our own that can honour our king, as well as he hath done with his carmonica. In this man's study I was much taken with the draught of a landscape on a piece of paper, methought masterly done; whereof inquiring the author, he betrayed by a smile it was himself, adding that he had done it, *non tanquam pictor, sed tanquam mathematicus*. This set me on fire; at last he told me how. He had a little back tent (of what stuff is not much importing), which he can suddenly set up where he will in a field, and it is convertible (like a windmill) to all quarters at pleasure: capable of not much more than one man, as I conceive, and perhaps at no great ease; exactly close and dark, save at one hole, about a inch and a half in the diameter, to which he applies a long perspective trunk, with a convex glass fitted to the said hole; and the concave taken out at the other end, which extendeth to about the middle of this erected tent; through which the visible radiations of all the objects without are intromitted, falling upon a paper which is accommodated to receive them; and so he traceth them with his pen in their natural appearance, turning his little tent round by degrees till he hath designed the whole aspect of the field. This I have described to your lordship, because I think there might be good use made of

it for chorography; for otherwise to make landscapes by it were illiberal: though surely no painter can do them so precisely."

THE TRUMPET.

The trumpet is said by Vincentio Galileo, in his *Dialoge della Musica*, page 146, to have been invented at Nuremberg; and there is extant a memoir which shews that trumpets were made to great perfection by an artist in that city, who was also an admired performer on that instrument: it is as follows. Hans Meuschell, of Nuremberg, for his accuracy in making trumpets, as also for his skill in playing on the same alone, and in the accompaniment with the voice, was of so great renown, that he was frequently sent for to the palaces of princes the distance of several hundred miles. Pope Leo the Tenth, for whom he had made sundry trumpets of silver, sent for him to Rome; and after having been delighted with his exquisite performance, dismissed him with a munificent reward.

CHURCH BELLS.

The invention of bells, such as are hung in the towers or steeples of christian churches, is, by Polydore Virgil and others, ascribed to Paulinus, bishop of Nola, a city of Campania, about the year 400. It is said that the names *Nolæ* and *Campanæ*, the one referring to the city, the other to the country, were for that reason given to them. In the time of Clothair, king of France, and in the year 610, the army of the king was frightened from the siege of the city of Sens, by ringing the bells of St. Stephen's church. In the times of popery bells were baptised and anointed, *Oleo Chris-matis*; they were exorcised, and blessed by the bishop, from a belief that when these ceremonies were performed, they had power to drive the devil out of the air, to calm tempests, to extinguish fire, and even to recreate the dead. The ritual for these ceremonies is contained in the Roman Pontifical; and it was usual in their baptism to give each bell the name of some saint. In Chauncey's *History of Hertfordshire*, page 383, is the relation of the baptism of a set of bells in Italy with great ceremony, a short time before the writing of that book. By an old chartulary, once

in possession of Weever the antiquary, it appears that the bells of the priory of Little Dunmow, in Essex, were, anno 1501, new cast, and baptised by the following names :

Prima in honore Sancti Michaelis Archangeli.

Secunda in honore S. Johannis Evangeliste.

Tertia in honore S. Johannis Baptiste.

Quarta in honore Assumptionis beate Marie.

Quinta in honore Sancte Trinitatis, et omnium Sanctorum.

Fun. Mon. 635.

The bells at Osney Abbey, near Oxford, were very famous : their names were Douce, Clement, Austin, Hautecter (potius Hautcleri), Gabriel, and John.—Appendix to Hearne's Collection of Discourses by Antiquaries, No. 11.

Near Old Windsor is a public house, vulgarly called the Bells of Bosely. This house was originally built for the accommodation of bargemen, and others navigating the river Thames between London and Oxford. It has a sign of Six Bells, *i. e.* the bells of Osney.

In the funeral monuments of Weever are the following particulars relating to bells :

“ Bells had frequently these inscriptions on them :

“ Funera plango, fulgura frango, sabbata pango,

Excito lentos, dissipo ventos, paco cruentos.”—Page 122.

“ In the little sanctuary at Westminster, King Edward III. erected a clochier, and placed therein three bells for the use of St. Stephen's chapel : about the biggest of them were cast in the metal these words :

‘ King Edward made me thirtie thousand weight and three ;

Take me down, and wey mee, and more you shall find me.’

But these bells being to be taken down in the reign of King Henry VIII. one writes underneath with a coal,

‘ But Henry the Eight,

Will bait me of my weight.”—Page 492.

This last distich alludes to a fact mentioned by Stow in his Survey of London, ward of Farringdon Within, to wit, that near St. Paul's school stood a clochier, in which were four bells, called Jesus bells, the greatest in all England, against which Sir Miles

Partridge staked a hundred pounds, and won them of King Henry VIII. at a cast of dice.

It is said that the foundation of the fortunes of the Corsini family in Italy was laid by an ancestor of it, who, at the dissolution of religious houses, purchased the bells of abbeys and other churches, and by the sale of them in other countries acquired a very great estate. Nevertheless it appears that abroad there are bells of great magnitude. In the steeple of the great church at Roan, in Normandy, is a bell with this inscription:

*"Je suis George de Ambois,
Qui trente cinque mille pois;
Mes lui qui me pesera,
Trente six mille me trouvera."*

*I am George of Ambois,
Thirtie five thousand in pois;
But he that shall weigh me,
Thirtie six thousand shall find me."—Ibid.*

And it is a common tradition that the bells of King's College chapel, in the university of Cambridge, were taken by Henry V. from some church in France, after the battle of Agincourt. They were taken down some years ago, and sold to Phelps, the bell-founder in Whitechapel, who melted them down.

The practice of ringing bells in change is said to be peculiar to this country, but the antiquity of it is not easily to be ascertained; there are in London several societies of ringers, particularly one called the college youths: of this, it is said, Sir Matthew Hale, lord chief justice of the Court of King's Bench, was, in his youth, a member: and in the life of this learned and upright judge, written by Bishop Burnet, some facts are mentioned which favour this report. In England the practice of ringing is reduced to a science, and peals have been composed which bear the names of the inventors. Some of the most celebrated peals now known were composed about fifty years ago by one Patrick: this man was a maker of barometers; in his advertisements he styled himself Torricellian operator, from Torricelli, who invented instruments of this kind.

In the year 1684 one Abraham Rudhall, of the city of Gloucester, brought the art of bell-founding to great perfection. His

descendants in succession have continued the business of casting bells ; and by a list published by them, it appears that at lady-day, 1774, the family, in peals and odd bells, had cast to the amount of 3594. The peals of St. Dunstan's in the East, and St. Bride's, London ; St. Martin's in the Fields, Westminster ; are in the number.

ST. CECILIA.

St. Cecilia, among Christians, is esteemed the patroness of music ; for the reasons whereof we must refer to her history, as delivered by the notaries of the Roman church, and from them transcribed into the Golden Legend, and other books of the like kind. The story says she was a Roman lady, born of noble parents, about the year 225. That notwithstanding she had been converted to christianity, her parents married her to a young Roman nobleman, named Valerianus, a pagan ; who going to bed to her on the wedding-night (as the custom is, says the book), was given to understand by his spouse that she was nightly visited by an angel, and that he must forbear to approach her, otherwise the angel would destroy him.

Valerianus, somewhat troubled at these words, desired he might see his rival the angel ; but his spouse told him that was impossible, unless he would be baptised, and become a christian, which he consented to : after which, returning to his wife, he found her in her closet at prayer, and, by her side, in the shape of a beautiful young man, the angel clothed with brightness. After some conversation with the angel, Valerianus told him that he had a brother named Tiburtius, whom he greatly wished to see a partaker of the grace which he himself had received : the angel told him that his desire was granted, and that shortly they should both be crowned with martyrdom. Upon this the angel vanished, but soon after shewed himself as good as his word : Tiburtius was converted, and both he and his brother Valerianus were beheaded. Cecilia was offered her life upon condition she would sacrifice to the Roman deities, but she refused ; upon which she was thrown into a cauldron of boiling water, and scalded to death ; though others say she was stifled in a dry bath, i. e. an inclosure, from whence the air was excluded, having a slow fire underneath it,

which kind of punishment the Romans sometimes inflicted upon female criminals of quality.

ANECDOTES, &c.

WE have received an account of the following singular event (which is stated to have occurred at Bath) from a gentleman whose veracity we have no reason to doubt, but, out of delicacy to the *fair subject*, we decline mentioning her name.

The beautiful Mrs. —, being extremely averse to public bathing, resolved to enjoy all the luxuries of the tepid bath at her own mansion: she therefore sent for a cooper, and ordered him to make a tub of sufficient dimensions to receive her lovely form. The man having accurately measured her “*in his mind's eye*,” retired to fulfil his task; and the lady proceeded to give instructions, that pipes should be laid to convey the water to the apartment where the ablutionary rights were destined to be performed. In a few days the vessel was brought home, and every thing apparently completed to her satisfaction: she therefore divested herself of the *slender attire* which fashionable females still deem necessary (it is presumed for the purpose of adorning rather than concealing her charms), and attempted to enter the tub, when, to her great mortification, she discovered that the cooper had made it almost an inch too narrow: determined, however, not to be disappointed, she persevered in her exertions, till she finally succeeded in moulding herself in it, and lay extended, a perfect *Venus*, at the bottom. The attendant *nymph* was now desired to admit the tepid fluid, which unfortunately occasioned the wood of the fresh-constructed vessel to swell so prodigiously that Mrs. — found herself, as it were, inextricably wedged in her now disagreeable situation. Every effort to effect her deliverance proving vain, the affrighted attendant ran for the cooper, and forgetting the *nudity* of her mistress, ushered him into the apartment, begging him, “for God's sake, to knock her dear lady out of the tub!” The man, overpowered by modesty, untied his leathern apron, and placed it where, as he thought, decency required, then seizing his hammer, knocked off the iron hoops, and set the imprisoned fair at liberty!! According to the following

epigram (which we have just received from an ingenious correspondent), how *spotless* must she have appeared to the *admiring* cooper !

EPIGRAM.

Expers vestis erat mulier, dum criminis expers ;

Peccat et induitur ; ves is origo scelus :

Hinc nostræ oderunt vestemque, scelusque, puellæ ;

Hinc sine labe puta, quam sine veste vides.

A certain justly celebrated songstress and her *caro sposo*, during their musical tour in the north of England, arrived one evening at an inn, not remarkable for the excellence of its accommodations ; but as there were no fresh horses to be had, it was impossible to proceed another stage. This circumstance being mentioned to a nobleman who resided in the neighbourhood, he very politely invited them to pass the night at his house, where he treated them with that hospitality for which he is so eminently distinguished. The travellers appeared to be much gratified by his lordship's polite attention, and were easily persuaded to prolong their visit, during which they were shewn all the beauties of the surrounding country. In the evening Madame — was naturally requested to favour the company with a few songs, to which she readily assented. On the fifth morning Lord —, at their request, ordered his carriage to take them the next stage of their intended journey, when, after bidding adieu, and thanking his lordship for his civilities, Monsievr —, with that *modesty* which marks his character, presented a slip of paper containing the moderate demand of FIVE HUNDRED GUINEAS, for the exertion of his wife's musical talents, saying, "*My Lor, my wife is sing five nights,—dis is de price, van kundred guinea chaque night.*" We have not heard if his lordship submitted to the abominable imposition of this avaricious and insolent Frenchman.

We understand that Colonel B-reh, with his usual patriotism, has offered to forget all private animosities against a certain brigadier-general, and to instruct him gratuitously in *military tactics*, pledging himself to teach the gallant officer, in the course of a few months, how to conquer all the *old women* in South America, *nuns* and *abbesses* included.

REVIEW OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

FIAT JUSTITIA !

The Infidel Mother, or Three Winters in London ; by Charles Sedley, Esq. ! Author of the Mask of Fashion, &c. ! &c. !! &c. !!! three vols. Hughes, Wigmore-street !!!

SIR THOMAS BROWN, in his "Enquiry into common and vulgar Errors," seems accidentally to have been more accurate in his description of the amusing works of Wigmore-street than any modern author who has heretofore attempted to designate them ; for this gentleman, in his curious book (ed. A. D. 1672), speaking of a *basilisk*, saith thus : "A basilisk poisoneth by the *eye* ! and for its generation it proceedeth from a cock's egg hatched under a toad or serpent."

Here then is a perfect assimilation of event. *Charles Sedley, Esq.* is the *cock*, the *Infidel Mother* the *basilisk*, and *Mr. Hughes* the *toad* or *serpent*, by whose assiduity it is produced :—produced but for one purpose—to be sold. *Satire* when it lashes vice and folly becomes *justice* ; but for him who would sacrifice *decency*, *veracity*, and *propriety*, upon *any consideration*, the discipline of the *horsewhip* or the *horse-pond* would almost be too lenient.

Prefixed to this work is a dedication to "NOBODY ;" written, no doubt, with the presentiment that *nobody* would read it. And in addition to the dedication is a preface,

which is better, inasmuch as it is shorter, though we must own this superiority from inferiority of *quantity* is nearly done away by the *quality*. Take as an example this passage :

“ Neither ghost, mystery, nor unnatural surprises, dignifies this work.”

Why does not Mr. Sedley learn to write English ? On the score of nonsense, the first paragraph we shall quote is at page 4 !!! viz.

“ This shock was followed by the death of his father, and the measure of his woes brimmed the full cup of sorrow.”

Now although we are unable to say by what quantities Mr. Torrid measured his woes, certainly if the cup of sorrow was *quite full* before, it wanted no additional ones to BRIM it.

A little further on we read this :

“ Two sons and a daughter, afterwards Mrs. Torrid, were the fruit of this union ; and as nothing is more uncertain than the preponderating scale of political balance, other changes in administration brought into power several of Mr. Melmoth's friends.”

To discover how a *political balance* could give a lady three children, we own, puzzled us a little ; but upon reading the following paragraph we find Mr. Sedley does not stick at trifles.

“ Mr. Melmoth retired from office one of his majesty's most honourable privy council, a representative for a ministerial borough, and a *pension* of two thousand a year.”

This is the first time we ever heard of a *man's* being a *pension* ; and we should like to know who this *privy counsellor* was settled upon, as no minister would allow so good a *pension* to remain unused.

To be censorious about trifles in *such a work* may be wrong, but every man should make himself master of the subject he writes upon. Sedley says, page 100,

"Just as the favourite rounded the distance-post, he suddenly bolted out of the course."

Rounding a distance-post is nonsense; and as the race described was at Brighton, the ingenious author should have known that it is impossible for any horse to bolt out of the course within a quarter of a mile of the distance-post, the ground being *railed in breast high for double that space*.*

At page 187, one nobleman, recommending his daughter to another, says,

"You will find her so little fledged from the modesty of retirement, that you must not expect her to be so easy of access as a London belle."

What being *fledged* from modesty means we know not; but not so obscure is the elegant witticism of *Lady Lucy Milton* to her sister *Lady Harriet*!!! who, while they are walking in the Green Park, observing that a certain female's attractions are vanished, and that the spell is broken, concludes by exclaiming, "*No more pears out of that pot!!!*"

This however is equalled by an expression "*all his own*." He says, page 223, "And when your TIP-TOPPERS do so," &c.—Gentle reader, what an elegant creature this Sedley is! Horace says of the familiar style,

"Ex noto fictum carmen sequar; ut sibi quivis
Speret idem, sudet multum frustra que laboret
Ausus idem."

This is exactly upon the model. It is so simple, that a chimney-sweeper could imitate it to all appearance; but set the chimney-sweeper to do it, you will find,

———"Sudet multum frustra que laboret;"

for no chimney-sweeper could be so vulgar!

* N. B. Mr. Sedley pretends that he resides at Brighton.

The episodes are amusing : you are treated, reader, with an account of every sort of feast, given by every sort of person, on every sort of occasion. There is one feast which has slipped Mr. Sedley's memory in this description, "the FEAST of reason."

At page 211, vol. iii. the change of manners with circumstances is accidentally, but strongly marked ; for Lady Harriet and Lady Lucy, who have all their lives hated the old Marchioness, no sooner hear that she is going to be divorced from their father, than they fall down, and kissing her, exclaim,

"We'll forgive you ; we'll love you all our days :"

which, in plain English, is :—Thank God you are a going ; we'll do any thing, so we can but get rid of you.

And, no short time after, the lady who talked of pots and pears in the park, leading her sister to the altar as a bride, repeats some verses, and then, in her usual style of elegance, says :

"There's an improvisatori for you, worthy of Petrarch. Come, give another gulp—that will do : so now let us go down stairs."

After this comes the sublime :

"Sweet mad-cap, said Mr. Russell, as they tripped, like winged seraphs, down the winding staircase."

This, like most other sublimity, verges a little on nonsense. If they were like *winged* seraphs, they must have had wings ; and if they could *fly*, their *walking* down stairs was giving themselves a vast deal of unnecessary trouble.

At page 35 of the second volume is an attempt at a pun, which beats Dibdin hollow.

"The *rustling* of the lock assured her of the fact, when Mrs. Russell entered."

Now this must be meant as a pun upon *rustle*, as no

body would talk of *rustling* a lock but for some such purpose. It is *nonsense*.

"Lustreless eyes" is vastly pretty; but "melancholy hanging upon a lady's cheek," is rather a proof that she was *gay* than sad; for when her melancholy *was hanged*, of course her sorrow *was at an end*.

He describes two ladies at the opera in the costume of *rope-dancers at Sadlers' Wells*; and after declaring that swansdown tippets and white gloves are incentives to the tender passion, says, that their habiliments "*robbed them of mortality*" (*killed them*, of course), so that they sat in their box like the wax-work figures in Westminster Abbey—*dead and drest*!

The conclusion of his book,—PULL DEVIL, PULL BAKER,—is the climax, well supported. There is really no falling off!

If we did not know *who* this Mr. Sedley is, we should suppose it a *real name*, and think it was the identical man who was discovered on the eve of eloping with a certain actress, by the falling down of a writing-box, which contained the note, appointing the time and manner of elopement. But *he* was obliged to leave the country, where he had been so anxious to make the lady dance, while he played "the devil among the TAYLORS;" therefore it "*can't be he*." Besides, bad as that gentleman might have been, the cloven foot of E—n stares the reader full in the face throughout this *Infidel Mother*: which, to conclude, is one of the most disgusting farragoes of absurdity ever put together. It is ridiculous without being entertaining, and indecent without being witty. In short, the only hands this work should ever be seen in, are those of the common hangman; and if he were to exercise his functions on the author as well as the work, we should exclaim justly,

"*Palmam qui meruit ferat.*"

An Exposition of the Circumstances which gave rise to the Election of Sir F. Burdett for the City of Westminster, and of the Principles which governed the Committee who conducted that Election; to which are added some Documents not hitherto published. By Order of the Committee. S. Tipper, Leadenhall-street, pp. 28.

Having for several months past deliberately and maturely weighed all the circumstances connected with, and attendant on, the late Westminster election, and endeavoured in vain to discover the real motives which could have operated so effectually on the understandings of a body of men, professing themselves to be true lovers of freedom, and independent guardians of the people's rights, to urge them to the nomination of Sir F. Burdett as the representative of all others the best qualified to promote and maintain them: it may naturally be presumed that we greedily availed ourselves of the favourable opportunity the title of this pamphlet seemed to promise of satisfying our curiosity, and convincing our judgment on this important subject. We say *seemed*, because, on the most impartial consideration of it, we cannot but pronounce it to be "*vox, et præterea nihil*," neither conclusive nor satisfactory; a springe to catch woodcocks; a tissue of enthusiastic, rhapsodical, and inflammatory principles, framed in the forge of Anarchy by the demon of Discontent: the adoption of which, so far from substantiating our independence, would inevitably subject us to those very consequences which they contend must ensue from (what they are pleased to term) the supineness of the country's rulers. However much we may feel inclined to admit that the apathy, indecision, and torpor, which characterised a late administration (now, we trust, buried "full fathom five," never to rise again), justified the use of these words, yet, feeble as our opinion was of that assemblage of "ALL

THE TALENTS," we confess that we should have apprehended much less mischief from their imbecility than from the fervour and intemperance of a horde of ambitious zealots and bigoted enthusiasts. After stating the circumstance of their selecting Sir F. Burdett and Mr. Paull as the most immaculate representatives, and afterwards tripping up the heels of the latter gentleman for no ostensible reason, they proceed to observe: that "with a sum under 200*l.* they entered upon an election which had been known before to have cost 50,000*l.*; and this they did without any communication directly or indirectly with Sir Francis Burdett, and without consulting any of his private friends," &c. &c.

This is all mighty clever; and the well-timed reluctance and after-consent of Sir F. Burdett to represent this *august* body, reminds us of the hypocritical reply made by crook'd-back Richard to the mayor and corporation of London, when solicited to accept the crown.

"Cousin of Buckingham, and sage grave men,
Since you *will* buckle fortune on my back
'To bear the burden, whether I will or no,
I must have patience to endure the load."

How far Sir Francis has allowed himself to be influenced by *his* Buckingham in this business, he only is able to inform us; it is sufficient for us to acknowledge that the stratagem was the "*ne plus ultra*" of political finesse; and that the success of it has proved, in every way, commensurate. We cannot take leave of our readers without previously apprising them, that this exposition contains 28 pages; that not more than *nine* are new, the rest being merely an appendix, consisting chiefly of letters already given to the public by the newspaper editors; a daily state of the poll; an earnest entreaty that the worthy Baronet will do the electors the honour to accept the car, banners, and flags used during the procession of his *unpre-*

cedented triumph, as mementos to stimulate him to the performance of his parliamentary duties and to future exertions; and, above all, an *interesting* account of disbursements and receipts, by which we learn that Mr. Brooks, the treasurer, is 80*l.* 8*s.* 3*d.* out of pocket. Happy creature! We most sincerely congratulate him, but “dare obolum Belisario” we cannot; nor can we flatter him with the consolatory hope, that the produce of this *elaborate* performance will balance the account.

Poems, by William Wordsworth, Author of the Lyrical Ballads. 2 vols. 12mo. Longman, price 1*l.*s.

Instead of occupying two duodecimo volumes of wirewove and hotpressed paper, with a beautiful type and a large margin, these poems would have been more appropriately invested with a fine gilt wrapping, adorned with wooden cuts, and printed and bound uniformly in all respects with Mother Bunch's tales and Mother Goose's melodies. The author must indeed have been strongly impressed with the truth of the poetical aphorism,

“Men are but *children* of a larger growth,”

when he thought his odes to “*Small Celandines*,” “*Daisies*,” and “*Butterflies* ;” and his silly stories of “*Alice Fell and her Cloak*,” “*the Sailor's Mother and the Linnet*,” &c. &c. could for a moment gratify the taste of an *adult* public, or stand the inquiry of *mature* criticism.

This gentleman published two volumes of Lyric Ballads some years ago, which were composed on a system of his own: as if poetry was a mechanical art, and performed its operations by certain regulated processes, and not an appeal to the hearts and feelings of mankind. Of this grand system of poetry, which was thus first discovered by Mr. William Wordsworth, about the year of our Lord 1800, and was of course altogether unknown to Homer,

Virgil, Shakspeare, Milton, and Dryden, the grand principle was, that nature could only be represented with fidelity by a close imitation of the language, and a constant adoption of the phrases, made use of by persons in the lowest stages of life: as if language were not entirely factitious and arbitrary; as if men of all ranks and situations were not the creatures of habit; as if the expressions of the meanest individuals were not the result of the education which they receive, while those of the higher orders are rendered natural by long usage to the well-informed and accomplished part of mankind.

With its usual sense and good temper the world laughed at the system, without denying justice to Mr. Wordsworth's merit as a poet. The gossiping style of those productions, in which his practice corresponded with his theory, was the object of universal ridicule; but whenever he forgot his system, and consulted his feelings, he displayed genuine talent, and excited more than common interest. We are sorry to say that, in the present publication, he has given a convincing proof of the pertinacious sincerity of his opinions as a critic, by suffering the most humiliating martyrdom in his reputation as a poet.

Fond as he is of the words *nature*, *modesty*, *simplicity*, &c. this author perpetually betrays the most magnificent opinion of his own powers. No image can present itself to his eye, no observation, no whim, no fancy, however idle or transitory, can pass through his mind without deriving importance from its accidental contact with so great a genius. If a certain *ex-chancellor* were to write a book of the same size, it could not contain a greater number of *I's* and *me's*. Almost a ludicrous contrast is produced between the swelling self-sufficiency of the writer, and the extreme insignificance of the object described. He thinks it worth while to give a tame matter-of-fact ac-

count of some daffodils blown about with the wind, because he thought of them afterwards ; and we may observe generally, that the uninteresting nature of all the appearances he dwells upon, proves the interest which he attaches to himself and his own character. Then he promises us a great effort, a mighty poem, a production that he and his country are to be proud of. We do not perhaps estimate this gentleman's intellect quite so highly as he does himself ; yet we certainly think him capable of more than he has yet achieved ; and confess, at the same time, that in some instances he has achieved much. But we entertain serious doubts whether a long-indulged habit of such drivelling nonsense as fills with emptiness the far larger part of the volumes now before us, may not incapacitate him from producing any work that shall deserve to be ranked among the higher order of poems. We shall be happy if Mr. W. attends to this friendly caution.

We rarely peruse a modern poem without forming an earnest wish that we had the power of supplying the English *Gradus* with a commodity of new rhymes ; and few versifiers would profit more by such an acquisition than Mr. Wordsworth. With all his high pretensions to a pure and unsophisticated phraseology, his sacrifices of sense to sound are numerous and inhuman. The *Small Celandine* is said to be as lively as a *leveret* ! that the corresponding line may end with "nature's favourite." *Twitter* and *glitter* are well enough as mere rhymes ; but what words to be placed in the most emphatical part of a line ! The Sky-lark, which is honoured by a very wild address, has much too good a taste and too musical an ear to be pleased with the following congratulatory compliment :

"Happy, happy liver,
With a soul as strong as a mountain river,
Pouring forth thanks to the Almighty giver ! ! !"

Query. Does the word *liver* here mean a living animal, or a part of the physical body? The use of it in the latter sense is new in our language, but not less elegant on that account. In the former sense the word is not English. Whichever is the true interpretation (which must be left for the consideration of future commentators) the reviewer may truly say with Horace,

—"Meum

Fervens difficili bile tumet jecur."

My heated liver swells with bile,
To witness so absurd a style.

What does the reader say to the following lines?

"There's a nightingale and two or three *thrushes*,
And a noise of wind that *rushes*,
And a noise of water that *gushes*."

For our own part, we prefer the versification of Master Stephen's posy.

"Though fancy sleep,
My love is deep."

Answer.—"The deeper the sweeter,
I'll be judged by St. Peter."

"Young Knowell.—What has St. Peter to do with this affair?"

"Master Stephen.—Oh, I put in St. Petre for the sake of the metre."

We have expressed a favourable opinion of Mr. Wordsworth's powers, if they were vigorously exerted and properly directed; and we admit that a very small part of the contents of this volume do him honour. The *Happy Warrior*, though bald, clumsy, and affectedly abstract in the terms employed, is in a noble strain of thought and feeling. Some of the sonnets also deserve high praise as poetical compositions. But we are sorry to feel it our duty to remark, that these occasional exhibitions of talent render him the more inexcusable for having obtruded so much miserable trash upon the public.

Mentoriana, or a Letter of Admonition and Remonstrance to his Royal Highness the Duke of York relative to Corruption, Oppression, cowardly Revenge, Agency-monopoly, and other Subjects connected with the Army. Tipper, Leadenhall-street. - Price 2s. pp. 32. Fourth Edition.

We feel considerable embarrassment in delivering our opinion of this singular publication: to deny it the merit of elegant and classic composition is impossible; and if we were simply to regard it as an *admonitory* epistle, our praise would be unqualified. Every sentiment, and almost every sentence, is fraught with the most beneficial advice; but, at the same time, they convey a malignant insinuation that the illustrious prince has already committed the errors which he is admonished to avoid. This is, to use the mildest expression, an unmanly method of attack, and wholly unworthy the gallant officer to whom we have heard it (perhaps incorrectly) attributed.

"Publications of a similar nature to this address (the author truly observes) too frequently originate in personal disappointment, and are written under the immediate influence of malice and revenge," &c.

He then (of course) declares that he is actuated by very opposite motives; and from "the bottom of his soul" disclaims all private enmity to his royal highness. We doubt, however, if any of his readers will give him more credit than ourselves for these assertions; and we have no hesitation in stating that we feel perfectly convinced of their falsehood.

At page 22 we were much stricken with the following observations, evidently levelled at Lieutenant-Colonel Craufurd and Mr. Windham.

"The man who, in traversing the dangerous passes of the Alps, selected a guide unacquainted with the country, and igno-

rant of its paths, would most probably never arrive at the end of his journey; and it is equally improbable that an army should be led to victory by a general inexperienced in the road. Who, therefore, can behold without the strongest emotions of alarm and indignation, young lieutenant-colonels, who have *only* distinguished themselves as the partisans of a faction, entrusted with the most important commands; while general officers, of known experience and valour, are suffered, like their conquering swords, to rust for want of employment?"

He then very justly says, page 23,

"It appears to have been an established maxim with the last administration to consult, first, the interest of themselves; secondly, the interest of their parasites; and, LASTLY, the interest of their country."

With regard to the sale of commissions in the army, he remarks:

"The sale of military preferment is so deeply rooted in the constitution of our army, that I fear it would not be entirely eradicated without considerable difficulty: it would be extremely unjust to deprive those officers, who had fairly purchased their promotion, of the right to reimburse themselves, when wounds, age, or infirmity compelled them to retire from the service of their country; the practice, however, is pregnant with numerous mischiefs, and worthy the maturest consideration of his majesty's ministers. You, sir, have already effected some wise regulations in this particular; and far be it from me to deny your royal highness the merited meed of praise. You have abolished the odious practice which permitted schoolboys to purchase the rank of field-officers, and *cradled* infants to hold commissions in the British army. You have also materially *diminished* the nefarious traffic of those pernicious impostors who style themselves commission and army brokers; for these, and for your patronage of the military college, you have justly obtained the thanks of your country."

There is at least an *appearance* of candor in this just tribute to the merits of the commander in chief; and,

upon the whole, we think that this pamphlet is written with less acrimony and illiberality than most publications of a similar nature. Our readers will pardon us for not making extracts from those anecdotes and passages which appear to be an indirect attack upon the moral and military character of the august personage to whom this letter is addressed.

The Red Book, or the Government of Francis the First, Emperor of the English, King of the Scotch and Irish, &c. &c. J. J. Stockdale, Pall Mall, pp. 76.

We have heard a PETION and a ROBESPIERRE boisterously maintaining, that freedom of thought and action was the inherent right of every human being, while the guillotine still reeked with the blood of those unhappy victims, whom they barbarously butchered for disapproving of their execrable principles, and are therefore little surprised that a certain demagogue baronet and his vile associates, should display all the virulence of republican tyrants, when they find that liberty of the press, which they have so furiously extolled, employed against themselves; and we venture to assert, that if FRANCIS the FIRST had possessed the power of Napoleon, the publisher of the RED BOOK, instead of being *commanded*, on pain of divers prosecutions, to *suppress* it, would have been doomed, like Palm,* to expiate his offence at the muzzle of a musket.

In all the seditious harangues, in all the inflammatory addresses, of this weak, ambitious, and degraded young man, are perceptible the fellest principles of a revolutionary tyrant.

The monsters who instigated the French nation to san-

* The unfortunate bookseller who was condemned to be shot for publishing a book reflecting on the character of Buonaparte.

guinary revolt, first, by their hypocritical cant, persuaded the multitude that corruption, cruelty, and oppression, were the pillars of the existing government; and a miserable *junto* of fools, knaves, and madmen, are endeavouring, by the same means, to plunge England into all the horrors of murderous anarchy and licentious freedom: but dreadful example has taught us to beware of men who profess to be the enemies of corruption only to corrupt, and who assume the mask of liberty only to enslave.

The author of the Red Book relates a dream, in which all the horrors of the French revolution are supposed to be acted in England. The plot of his *visionary* drama is entirely taken from the bloody tragedy performed on the continent, and only differs from it in the circumstance of application being made to Buonaparte for aid and protection, who, through his minister Talleyrand, refuses to assist in the absurd and impracticable scheme of transforming the British empire into a republic; but kindly offers to forget all the crimes of England, and provide her with a sovereign, in the person of his own august brother, Prince Jerome, promising, at the same time, to create Francis an imperial highness, and Bobheart (the high-priest of W—) the same, or, if he prefers it, a *Pope*, provided he will first convert the people of England into zealots of the church of Rome. The other notorious innovators he agrees to make inferior princes, dukes, &c. Dissatisfied with the Corsican's reply, the intriguing Bobheart causes Francis to be proclaimed emperor of the English, &c. &c. &c. whose reign, however, proves but short; for when Buonaparte, soon after, threatens to invade his empire, already harassed by famine, and torn by conflicting parties, the crafty Bobheart, to secure the favour of the invading tyrant, poisons his *imperial protégé*. The *ideal* noise of guns, drums, bells, huzzas, &c. which announces Napoleon's triumphal entry into the British capital, at length

arouses the slumbering author from disagreeable reverie, who is of course rejoiced "to find it but a dream."

In some notes are delineated the characters of the principal personages who figured in his vision. Speaking of Francis Brutulus (whom he represents to have been caught young in the antisocial snares of Bobheart) he says, page 54:

"His education has been very superficial, and his natural parts are still more defective than his artificial acquirements. His memory, however, is good; and his delivery of his ideas of others is not without some effect with an ignorant populace. But interrupt him suddenly, or let hoots offend his ears, and hisses irritate his tongue, his poor head instantly becomes confused, and by seditious expressions, by an imprudent language, and by absurdities, he exhibits *himself* the best pleader against *himself* and his faction, whom his adversaries could either engage or employ. At St. Stephen's, when any debate on some unexpected question leaves him to his own judgment, he is still more insignificant than when induced to speak extempore and unprepared on hustings, or at clubs and taverns. His nullity is then so irremediable, that even the vain and wicked Bobheart has advised him against the exposure; but with a yes or no to pretend to indifference or moderation, from fear of displaying a ridiculous ignorance, an impolitic folly, and an impotent malice."

The following picture of Bobheart is too correct a likeness to be easily mistaken, page 58:

"The English revolutionary divine, Bobheart, is equally clever and unprincipled; as greedy after wealth, and intriguing for notoriety as the reverend French regicide (the Abbe Sieyes); and the English military revolutionist Bobhead is as great an idiot, and as much the tool of designing and damned traitors, as the French revolutionary general.

"Bobheart's machinations date as long back as half a century. In hope of fat livings, and perhaps in expectation of a rich diocese, he entered holy orders, and proved himself a hypocrite before he claimed the title of patriot. He first offered to the then

prime-minister his pen, as the champion of prerogative; but not meeting with encouragement adequate to his pretensions, or flattering to his vanity, he suddenly turned to the other extreme, and announced himself the staunch hero of equality," &c.

We hope, for the honour of humanity, that the following description of the **FRATERNAL BANQUET** and **CIVIC FEAST** is greatly exaggerated:

"Not many miles from Welbeck-street and from Wimbledon-common, disaffection has fixed its abode, and sedition has established its head-quarters. In the one, a daily 'fraternal banquet' admits all those who admire France and detest England; who extol the sanguinary achievements of the tyrannical Corsican usurper, and depreciate or calumniate the royal virtues of a legitimate British monarch; who *extenuate* and defend the atrocities of French rebels, *Septemberizers*, and regicides; and who revile and ridicule the vigorous and patriotic efforts of loyal Britons. In the other place is organized a 'civic feast,' where, on Sundays, every traitor who has violated and braved the laws of his country; whom accusations of treason have confined in Newgate or the Cold Bath Fields; whose person has been exhibited in the pillory, or whose character has been blasted by an acquittal at the Old Bailey; whose honour has been questioned in Bow-street, and whose honesty is verified by an act of insolvency; all those worthies may be certain, once a week, of finding enough to satisfy their hunger or voracity; and of hearing enough to poison the mind even of him who has *grown hoary* among conspirators. He who pays for the fraternal banquet, as well as he who *heads* the civic feast, is far advanced in years. Both are nearly approaching the end of their criminal career; and both seem conspiring, with all their might, to hurry with them, in the same tomb, civilized society, and all hereditary sovereignty. Both would long ago, in any other state, have suffered the consequences of their plots and wickedness on a gibbet, or if mercy had tempered the dues of justice they would have been banished from the sight of men and secured in chains; or in strait waistcoats, have fumed away their unavailing madness in some solitary cell. Both, however, openly declare, that a constitution, the lenity of which has

not only saved their necks, but permitted them to remain at large, is not worth preserving; and that a country which has resisted, but pardoned, their machinations, is not worth defending.

“Reader, if you should ever have the misfortune of being deluded into the dens of perdition of these antisocial monsters, you will be very much mistaken if you expect that lively wit will, in some measure, endeavour to palliate dark guilt; and that an able and instructive conversation will indemnify you for seditious expressions, and for the infamy of associating with the seditious. No, loyal reader; political impiety is associated with religious blasphemy; and the most impious tenets of the most immoral political freethinkers, are disseminated and interwoven with the most filthy ideas of the most abandoned profligates. The rebel and the atheist, the leveller and the libertine, are all emulous to try who, in the most vulgar and perfidious, gross and sacrilegious language, shall shock your loyalty, or offend your delicacy. You will be so astonished at what you hear and see, that you will be involuntarily inclined to believe yourself in a brothel, or in a night-cellar, among pimps, pickpockets, and highwaymen, rather than among men pretending to a genteel education, to good breeding, and good manners. These caverns of social and moral destruction have, unjustly, been compared with the Parisian Jacobin and Cordelier clubs. Even in the height of fury some information, however, might be obtained from the discussions of Gallic rebels; but the frenzy of these British traitors is nothing but brutal rage and beastly sensuality. Their ferocious expressions would often have made Catiline turn pale with terror, and their lascivious and obscure jargon would certainly more than once have forced blushes on the cheek even of a Messalina.

“You may suppose, loyal reader, from what has been said above, that the usual guests at the ‘fraternal banquet’ and at the ‘civic feast’ are, as well as their hosts, persons of the mere dregs of society; but you are again mistaken. The hero of the banquet was, by his birth and fortune, enabled both to disgrace rank and dishonour the army; and nature improved, or rather perverted, by education, has empowered the hero of the feast to officiate even before the altars of divinity; and officers of the guards, dukes *in petto*, professors of universities, christian priests, lords

and baronets, and even a late highly distinguished law-character, have been fraternizing here with accused felons, condemned adulterers, noted smugglers, suspected Septemberizers, notorious jacobins, regicides from France, reformers from Copenhagen-house, philosophers from Bridewell, and generals of Buonaparte.*

As the publisher was *compelled* to suppress* this pamphlet, we have made rather copious extracts for the gratification of our reader's curiosity. Perhaps we may, in consequence, call down upon ourselves the *high* displeasure, and *terrific* threats of certain *revolutionary tyrants*: but let the calumniators of virtue, the profaners of religion, and the libellers of royalty, be scared by the terrors of the law. Our mark is folly, vice, and treason, and their rotaries shall *feel* that *we* are not to be intimidated.

Corinna, or Italy; translated from the French of Madame de Stael Holstein, Author of Delphine, &c. Three large vols. Tipper, Leadenhall-street.

On taking our survey of those recent publications of which an account might be gratifying to our readers, we could not fail to distinguish from the crowd that presented themselves as candidates for our notice, the name of Madame de Stael Holstein. This authoress, already so celebrated by her *Delphine*, and her biography of the great Necker, her illustrious father, will suffer no loss of reputation by the work before us; for notwithstanding the favourable prepossessions which these proofs of her talents irresistibly excited in our minds, we arose from our judicial perusal of *Corinna* with unexpected satisfaction.

In order to determine the rank each competitor should hold in the gradation of literary excellence, it is requisite, primarily, to consider the difficulty or dignity of his undertaking; and, in the second place, to ascertain the

* Since writing the above, this pamphlet has been advertised for sale. We suppose some of the objectionable passages have been expunged.

strength of his powers. With a view of assigning their fit place to these volumes, as well as to rectify a prejudice which, confounding all degrees of merit under the denomination of novel, makes no distinction between the noblest offsprings of fancy, and its vilest abortions; we would observe, that of all mental exercises, that of the imagination is, at the same time, the boldest and the most gratifying. Philosophy, indeed, climbs the craggy steep of science, but timidly adhering to its path, raises admiration only by the eminence it attains; while imagination leaving the earth, soars upon adventurous wings into the "devious void."

Deeply to penetrate into the ascertained regions of knowledge, is accompanied with a pleasure similar to that which the traveller feels in a foreign country; but the mind surveys its own creation with the same rapture that transported Columbus at the sight of a new hemisphere. The highest honour that distributive criticism can confer, is, therefore, the praise of invention; and to this praise *Corinna* is amply entitled. For on a retrospect of the journey we have performed, we perceive an extended field of imaginary narrative, beautifully variegated with incidents unexpected but natural, and agreeably interspersed with reflections nervous, delicate, and correct.

To apply to familiar life the same felicity of fiction, and the same fidelity of description that enchants the readers of the *Iliad*, is a literary enterprise, which, though daily attempted by presumptuous ignorance, can succeed only under the direction of a genius capable of inventing novelty that is not absurd, and of relating truth that is not insipid.

Of this elevated standard is the design of Madame H.; and it is now requisite to examine with what qualifications she has undertaken her task.

The most obvious merit of this authoress is, that as she transcribes from vivid and distinct images, her style is sin-

gularly perspicuous and easy ; as there is no confusion in her thoughts, there is no embarrassment in her expressions ; and we were well pleased to remark that those conceits *extravagantly minute*, those *subtilizations of sentimentality* so disgusting in the modern productions of the drama and romance, have given way under the vigorous mind of Madame H. to real description and useful information.

In many important points of superiority, indeed, her volumes rank far above ordinary performances of a similar intention ; for though by the construction of an ingenious fable she has dedicated her book to the elegant and the gay, the moral philosopher will applaud the accurate succession of feelings with which the passion of love is conducted through all its gradations.

The variety of national characters is made subservient to the principal relation. The contrast with which the story commences, of an Englishman dejected by calamity, and a Frenchman whose fortitude or apathy never deserts him in the most violent reverses of fortune ; the splendid and interesting manner in which the heroine is ushered in ; the address with which this prominent figure is kept constantly in view, without injury to the subordinate parts of the picture ; the skill with which, to the last step of her career, our interest is sustained in her fate ; the lively digressions on the fine arts ; the numberless anecdotes with which they are enriched ; the propriety and gracefulness with which every sentiment flows, as it were, spontaneously from the situation, are all equally entitled to critical commendation.

(To be continued.)

State of France, during the Years 1802, 1803, 1804, 1805, and 1806. By W.T. Williams, Esq. Two vols. Phillips.

It has of late been very much the practice amongst the scribblers to insinuate, at the commencement of their publication, that it was not written "with the view of being committed to the press." This is done, doubtless, with the intention of deprecating the severity of criticism, and procuring for it a favourable reception with the world. However much we may feel inclined to applaud the *diffident* ingenuity of this artifice, we cannot but think, at the same time, that it argues a conviction that such authors are sensible of the inability of their bantling to stand alone; and are aware that, divested of eleemosynary aid, it must, of necessity, fall to the ground. This is not, however, an age in which a man's literary labours can be snatched from him with impunity, and pushed into public notice without his connivance; no attention, therefore, is to be paid to such an appeal for quarter. A *manuscript* may, perhaps, be entitled to indulgence, because the benefit or mischief arising from a perusal of it is confined to a comparatively small circle; but a *published work*, inasmuch as thousands may be influenced by the precepts and information it contains, has certainly no fair claim to it; nay, from the moment of its appearance in print, it becomes "the goods, the chattels, the ox, the ass, the household stuff," of the reviewer; and it would be as flagrant a breach of duty in him not to devote serious and impartial attention to it, as it would be ungenerous in private life, and amongst friends, to cavil at trivial imperfections.

Some of Mr. Williams's letters are written with tolerable ability and ease; but the generality of them savour too much of excessive egotism. In the second letter, for instance, he says :

“Having *endeavoured* to make my peace for not immediately relieving your mind from some little anxiety that I am aware it entertained concerning my crossing the Channel,” &c.

Does Mr. W. really conceive that a passage from Southampton to Havre is a voyage of such immoderate risk as to excite apprehensions in the bosom of any man? or, indeed, of any woman? If so, he is very much mistaken; and unless the affection of his friend was more than usually ardent, he must, in common with the readers of this book, have laughed at such a surmise. After several observations, by no means conclusive, on the present state of society at Paris, numerous reflections, not less exaggerated than illiberal, on the conduct of the Parisian ladies; and an allusion, certainly not the most delicate, to the catastrophe of Sodom and Gomorrah, he proceeds to give us the following anecdote, which *he* is pleased to term ludicrous, but which we (from error in judgment doubtless) esteem highly indecorous. Hear his own words:

“I must here acquaint you with a circumstance which happened to our friend B—, during our stroll round the town (Blois), and which made N— and myself laugh most heartily. B—, in consequence of eating too many grapes at Fontainebleau (for which fruit, by the bye, that place is much celebrated), was very much afflicted with a complaint in his bowels, that proved very troublesome to him in travelling. On our arrival at Blois, finding himself rather easier, he conceived that he might venture to take a turn with us to see the place; but, alas! he had hardly been with us a quarter of an hour before he felt such a strong appeal from Dame Nature, that he was under the necessity of obeying her dictates without hesitation. A churchyard presenting itself, B— did not lose a moment in taking advantage of this fortunate circumstance. We had scarcely turned our heads before we heard our unfortunate friend (who did not speak a word of French) exclaim, ‘Holoo! what the devil are you about?’ On turning round we witnessed a scene not to be described; B—, with his clothes loose, endeavouring to pre-

vent a French sentinel from taking away his hat, to which it seems the soldier was entitled, in consequence of B——'s having committed an uncleanness near him."

The point of this *exquisite* story is, we confess, entirely lost upon us; and though by no means inclined to arraign or set limits to the freedom and liberty of epistolary communications between intimate friends, we certainly think that when those communications border on indelicacy, they should at least be confined to the parties concerned. We have heard, and before observed, that "want of decency is want of sense;" and applying this observation to the author now under consideration, we would fain ask him, in what manner it is his intention to exonerate himself from the general imputation of being a dirty ——. In another part of his work he says,

"About an hour before dinner we assemble in the billiard-room, where we amuse ourselves till the servant announces, *Madame est servie*;"

which few words of French Mr. W. renders into English thus, "dinner waits." We can only say, that if such is really the translation of the above phrase, the language has undergone material alteration since we were at school. His definition of the word *ennui* is also clever, and in every way corresponds with his general style. It would be wasting criticism to notice the poetry, or rather the attempt at versification, both in English and French, with which he has interlarded his letters: we shall therefore dismiss the subject, exclaiming with Doodle in Tom Thumb,

"Such poetry as this was never, never seen."

His account of the institution of the deaf and dumb is the most just, correct, and best written part of the book; and his compliment to the founder of it, the Abbé de l'Epée, certainly does him credit. The second volume principally consists of the financial reports of Necker and

others. About the middle, indeed, he ascribes to the robin-redbreast a quality which we never knew that little bird possessed, namely, the power of destroying blights; and this bijou of literature terminates with an account of its author's liberation from captivity, and a few imperfect hints at a conscription in this country upon a similar plan to that adopted by Buonaparte!!!!

COMPARATIVE CRITICISM.

Non nostrum TANTAS componere lites!—VIRGIL.

Who shall decide when DOCTORS disagree?—POPE.

1. An Historical Apology for the Irish Catholics, by William Parnell, Esq.

"We strongly recommend this tract to the notice of our readers; as containing a very learned and elaborate argument, *well adapted to remove prejudices* on the subject."—Monthly Review.

"The *virulent spirit* in which this Apology is written, will be easily seen in the following short extract, &c."—Oxford Review.

2. The Present State of Turkey; by Thomas Thornton, Esq.

"Mr. Thornton's book is *very ill put together*, and *badly written*. There is no distinct or convenient ARRANGEMENT; things are not to be found in their proper places. The *style is verbose*, and full of *pretensions* to eloquence.—Nothing can be more *confused* than Mr. Thornton's account of this subject.—Every thing relating to this point is *confusion* in Mr. Thornton.—The book concludes with a *desultory account* of Moldavia and Wallachia."—Edinburgh Review.

"This writer's *composition is correct*, and **EXTREMELY WELL ARRANGED**: it is the *language* of a man whom words have been very long accustomed to obey, and who *never* calls for their services without *knowing precisely* what he intends them to do. The volume concludes with a long, comprehensive, and *very interesting account* of the principalities of Moldavia and Wallachia."—Eclectic Review.

"The style is uniformly elegant, when the author writes from his own knowledge and feelings. The chapter devoted to Moldavia and Wallachia is rich in political information."—Oxford Review.

3. A Letter stating the Connection which Presbyterians, Dissenters, and Catholics, had with the recent Event, &c.

"We are happy to find that a pamphlet containing a plain statement of facts, and dispassionate comments on them, has passed through six editions; and our apprehensions for the sanity of the public mind, at least in the northern parts of the island, are somewhat abated by this circumstance."—Monthly Review.

"A more mischievous tract than this we have seldom seen. Its object is indisputably to excite mutual jealousies, and to provoke acrimonious controversies, between the established churches of England and Scotland."—British Critic.

4. General Reflections on the System of the Poor Laws, by John Berkeley Monck.

"—The next chapter displays yet more strongly a want of acquaintance with the poor-laws, and the concluding words of it are the most intemperate which we have read on the subject. From the comment on Mr. Whitbread's bill, one specimen will be sufficient," &c.—British Critic.

"The comments on Mr. Whitbread's bill are judicious," &c.—Monthly Review.

5. St. Stephen's Chapel, a Satirical Poem.

"Except a few hobbling prosaic lines, this poem is tolerably executed."—Monthly Review.

"Here, alas! all the stores of Grub-street are spread before us; and among the rank weeds that disgust the sight, not one solitary flower is discernible. We have somewhere read of the nightman of Parnassus: surely this bard is admirably qualified for the office."—Antijacobin Review.

6. Thoughts on the Present Crisis of our Domestic Affairs, by Another Lawyer.

"The same vehement condemnation of the late ministers, &c.

The Lawyer loses both liberality and argument. Equally unfounded with this calumny," &c.—Monthly Review.

"This work claims attention from the apparently accurate information which it contains.—This and other topics connected with it are pursued in a strain of reasoning not easily obviated."—British Critic.

7. A Letter to Lord Grenville, &c. by the Rev. H. B. Wilson.

"This letter appears to be written with a *laudable zeal* against those speculations which," &c.—British Critic.

"We deprecate such *officious zeal*. Mr. Wilson, like a scolding woman, raves and storms till he appears out of breath."—Oxford Review.

"Mr. Wilson is 'as rude as a bear' to the ex-minister. We lose all patience when we review *such* reasoning and *such* insinuation."—Monthly Review.

"The chief object seems to have been, to be egregious for something, if it be only for *writing nonsense with virulence*."—Critical Review.

8. The Beauties of the Edinburgh Review, *aliàs* the Stinkpot of Literature, by John Ring.

"Mr. Ring has proved himself so *able* an associate in the art of reviewing reviewers, that we shall take the liberty of enlisting him into our corps.—Leaving the Edinburgh Reviewers in his hands, we shall return him our *thanks*," &c.—Antijacobin Review.

"The *haut gout* of the above title so powerfully affected our noses, that we instantly laid down the book in order to get rid of the smell."—Critical Review.

9. Two Sermons and a Charge; by Luke Heslop, B. D.

"Mr. Heslop is no niggard of his instructions: he has given us two sermons and a charge for as small a price as is generally paid for one. The *first* sermon contains a *little of every thing*; the *second means nothing*; the *charge talks very largely* about the increase of methodism, *without pointing out any means* of promoting its diminution."—Critical Review.

"Of the text of the *first* of these sermons, we find the following *very satisfactory elucidation*.—In the *second* are discussed

with *great ability*, &c.—The charge demands our warmest approbation."—Oxford Review.

"All these discourses are characterized by *serious and profitable exhortation*, and contain much useful practical matter."—Eclectic Review.

10. Drelincourt and Rodalvi, a Novel, by Mrs. Byron.

"We have been agreeably detained by the narrative, many incidents of which are *well and ingeniously* imagined."—British Critic.

"Neither amusement nor instruction can be derived from the perusal of this work."—Critical Review.

11. Poems, chiefly amatory, by David Carey.

"A considerable portion of *elegance* and of *poetic vigour* will be found in these pieces."—Antijacobin Review.

"We are warranted to ascribe to Mr. Carey's tender muse the language of a susceptible heart, expressed in *sweet and polished numbers*."—Monthly Review.

"There is *no one* superior quality that we can discover, to raise these poems above the generality of those compositions which dignify the latter pages of a magazine."—Critical Review.

12. The Moorland Bard.

"This book *pleases us*, and will please every simple unsophisticated mind. The author is evidently a man of *sense, reflection, and feeling*: his poems are generally simple and pleasing; some of them are pathetic."—Antijacobin Review.

"The author has published these poetical trifles at the instance of a partial friend. That friend would have done a kinder part, if he had advised the suppression of at least many of these pieces."—British Critic.

13. Anthologia; a Collection of Epigrams, &c.

"That taste must be fastidious indeed, which cannot find gratification in some part or other of this *amusing medley*. The selection is made with judgment, and some of the original pieces are pleasing and pretty."—Antijacobin Review.

"Most of what is *old* has been *sufficiently hackneyed* by every compiler. Woe to those readers who can derive entertainment from *such trash!*"—Oxford Review.

14. Essays on Moral and Religious Subjects, by M. Pelham.

"The instruction is conveyed in a *manner so natural* and so pleasing, the *style is so easy and simple*, while the appeals to the feelings are no less strong than the calls on the judgment are powerful, that these essays cannot fail," &c.—Antijacobin Review.

"In a *style* of expression, often interesting, though somewhat *overstrained*," &c.—Eclectic Review.

"The *diction* and the sentiments are occasionally *imbued* with those theological peculiarities which are so much in use among the *methodists*," &c.—Critical Review.

15. The Calendar, or Monthly Recreations, by Mrs. Pilkington.

"This Calendar contains an interesting and affecting story, fraught with a variety of *incidents naturally introduced*, and giving rise to much useful instruction."—Antijacobin Review.

"Mrs. Pilkington has introduced a sort of novel story, which had better have been omitted. The *story* tends rather to *impede* than to assist the *communication* of that knowledge which it is the proper object of such a calendar to impart."—Critical Review.

16. Considerations on the Danger of the Church.

"The *sentiments* of this writer are *mild and tolerant*; and his views of the state of religion, and of the different sects of christians in this country, *far from injudicious* or illiberal."—Critical Review.

"The author, we fear, is a *little touched* in his eyes, and a little in his *cranium*. If he were *less blind*, it might be worth while to warn the public further against his *madness*; if he were *less mad*, to attempt the cure of his *blindness*."—Eclectic Review.

17. An Abridgment of the Roman History, by Sophia N. Ziegenhirt.

"This abridgment is written on a plan perfectly novel. It appears to be *very well calculated* to answer the intended purpose; and the lady is entitled to *great commendation*, as well for her *ingenuity* in the invention of such a plan, as for her *ability and judgment* in the execution of her work."—Antijacobin Review.

"Far be it from us to say that miss Ziegenhirt's new plan is at all calculated to do mischief. No: *simple and inoffensive absurdity* is, we think, its *proper characteristic*."—Critical Review.

18. Sympathy, and other Poems, by Mr. Pratt.

"Mr. Pratt has already run *such a long and honourable literary career*," &c.—Oxford Review.

"Mr. Pratt is *so notorious an author*, both in *prose and verse*," &c.—Eclectic Review.

19. The Student's Companion, by John Sabine.

"This book will be found very convenient and *very useful* for younger students. It is a *very comprehensive* manual of knowledge."—British Critic.

"Mr. Sabine thinks he has been performing a *very useful* task: be it so; but our opinion is *not quite so sanguine*. Had he selected with *more taste*, had he arranged *with judgment*, had he studied *correctness*, no doubt this summary *would have been useful* to those who have neither time to read, nor money to purchase, larger works. In *all these respects* however he seems to have *failed*."—Oxford Review.

20. Helen, or Domestic Occurrences, a Tale.

"This tale is both *well written* and *well told*. It is *very superior* to the greater part of the namby-pamby novels which crowd upon us in countless multitudes. The *spirit* and the *sentiments* with which the work is composed *merit approbation*."—British Critic.

"This novel is written in a series of letters, *all equally frivolous and uninteresting*."—Critical Review.

THEATRES.

"Cum tabulis animum censoris sumet honesti."—HORACE.

IN our first number we promised our readers a review on reviews, and a critique upon critiques. In pursuance, therefore, of our plan, we shall proceed to detail a few matters of fact, which may tend to open their eyes to the system of newspaper criticism: a system not more to be despised for its illiberality than its inanity.

There are various illiberalties practised by some newspaper writers, and, among others, we shall notice that sort which proceeds from the premature critics; gentlemen "*who sit at home at ease*," and with the greatest nonchalance abuse and praise plays and performers before they have appeared upon the stage.

The "British Neptune" (nay, start not, reader, there actually *is* such a paper), vaunted itself to be a glorious and impartial journal, whose criticisms you might depend upon, till one fatal day, when the *Constant Couple* came under the lash of its editor. This spoiled all; for he chose to abuse Messrs. Elliston, Dowton, Palmer, and Barrymore, in their respective parts, when lo and behold, *the play had not been represented*. This was a direful blow to the system, for it proved that the man who took upon himself to censure had not put his nose (no allusion to the length of it) into the theatre on that evening. One specimen of newspaper opinion.

Mr. Bell's critics, as we mentioned in our last, praised Mr. *Brown*, alias Mr. *Winston*, when he did not play; we say alias Mr. *Winston*, because we have been censured by a correspondent for calling him any thing but *Brown*, which is his real name, and for the change of which *no act ever passed*, except the act of *mutation*, contrived by himself, that he might be enabled, for paltry considerations, to desert the father that fostered him, and the *little bosier's shop* in Holborn that sheltered him. We have therefore prefixed an alias to his assumption as the magistrates do to capital offenders, to warn prosecutors of their detection, fearing if we did not, that our readers who have heard the name of *Winston* bored into their ears all the summer as a second Inigo Jones, might not recognise their arch-

tormentor under the more harmless denomination of *Brown*.

Then "the News,"—liberality itself. The critiques in this paper are never malicious; its editor is quite unbiased; he has no spite because his wretched farce was rejected. Sweet innocent, no! his jokes are never personal;—yes, sometimes they are too: for if we remember right, in a review of that *sapient* production the *Fortress*, this gentleman abused its author, deservedly enough, for making a defect of nature incidental to his piece. His judgment we admired, but our admiration, like beer in a thunder-storm, suddenly turned sour, upon hearing that very condemnner of personal allusions abuse Mr. Liston for being ugly. No mark, perhaps, could be so strong of Mr. Liston's merits as this,—he could not find fault with his acting, and so abused his face. All that we can say upon this subject is, that should the puerile editor of "the News" find *his* face exposed

"to the pelting of the pitiless mob,"

he would be very glad to change with the gentleman he has censured. In this world the *heart* and the *mind* are better objects to form opinions upon than the countenance; for if the countenance be not sometimes a story-teller, certain *grim-looking scribblers* would be more studiously shunned.

This may be called an attack upon "the News." We wish therefore the editor of that and every other paper to understand our principles,—*we will be impartial*; and where the RIGHT IS ON THE SIDE OF THE ACTOR, WE WILL ESPOUSE HIS CAUSE AGAINST THE CRITIC. A theatrical performer has hitherto been considered as a mark to be shot at, without the opportunity of shooting again; but the SATIRIST shall be his SHIELD!!! The system of critique-writing shall be laid open; personal piques shall be exposed; private partialities ridiculed; and illiberality of all sorts held up to the contempt it so justly deserves.

To prove, however, that even "the News" can sometimes be unjust, read its editor's account of the first representation of the *Deserts of Arabia*, where

he says, "we heard this was a piece by Mr. Reynolds, we knew it *must be bad*, and therefore did not take the trouble to see it."

If this be theatrical justice, let us try political justice upon the same principle, and suppose the following report to come from the Old Bailey: "Yesterday a prisoner was put to the bar on a charge of horse-stealing; after the prosecution had been opened, the judge rose and said: 'Gentlemen of the jury, I shall not trouble you any longer; there is no occasion to proceed with the trial of this prisoner; I know him for a rogue; he is an old itinerant *bookselling parson*, a notorious beggar and a vagabond. He goes about cheating people out of subscriptions for some trash which his son puts together. I know him, gentlemen: find him guilty; his name will *bang him*.'"

This is on a par with the liberality of "the News." A parson, because he cheats as a *bookseller*, is to be *hanged for horse-stealing*.

Reader, are you longer deluded? Will an English public bear this? No, they are too candid; and every man who writes, from Mr. Colman to Mr. Dimond, and all the way down from Mr. Dimond even to the editor of *Classic Tales*, is entitled to be judged with impartiality: and if the SATIRIST can lend a helping hand to unmask illiberality, it will be its proudest boast.

The *Morning Herald*, a particularly attentive paper, has, by *some accident*, in the course of a month, mentioned Mr. Holland as having played in *Pizarro*, when he never came upon the stage; and very good-naturedly praised Mr. Bannister for his comicalities in *Jobson*, when Mr. Dowton had kindly undertaken the part, at a short notice; who in his turn gets commended in the *Morning Post* for his acting in *All in the Wrong*, which happens to be a play in which he has no part!!!

These are unintentional errors, and may be excused on the score of idleness or hurry; but in a magazine called the *Beau Monde* we are treated with critiques, the only difficulty in deciding upon which is, to determine whether they are most malicious or most stupid. To waste much time on a review of them would be to break a "fly upon the wheel." We shall, therefore, simply quote two or three

of the most brilliant remarks of its editor, which will speak for themselves. In the first place he takes actors in the gross, and says,

"Mr. Chapman speaks sensibly; and Mr. Wharton, in a *coat and waistcoat*, is decent. Mr. Grove is an indifferent actor; and we cannot praise Mr. Carles or Mr. Noble."

This is an analysis! this is a critique! But mark what follows:

"Mrs. Matthews sings at the Haymarket. She has the prettiest foot in the world."

This is exquisite satire! We will therefore copy the brilliant example, by observing, that

"Mr. — writes for the *Beau Monde*; he has the *thickest head in the universe*." He tells us, by way of being very terrific, "that Mr. Mathews is not Mr. Munden, and that Mr. Taylor is not Mr. Incedon." Now that we fancy can be meant for nothing but matter of fact, and is the highest compliment he could pay those gentlemen, because it appears as if they so strongly resembled each other, that unless he, in his great judgment, had pointed out the difference, the town might have mistaken them. If it be meant as a satire it is very puerile. If, speaking of Mrs. Whitelocke, we had said she was *not* Miss Smith: or in mentioning Miss Bolton we had said she was not Mrs. Billington, although we should have spoken the truth, we should not have imagined we were censuring either of those ladies. It reminds us indeed of an Irish gentleman who happened to be dining in a large party, and who, in moving his chair back, knocked down an alabaster vase of great value, which he broke to pieces; the master of the house appearing ruffled, the Hibernian, who had no notion of a thing's being valuable that was not useful, exclaimed with exultation, "Psha! what is it good for? an alabaster vase is not a Twiss!"

A *Twiss* is the title by which an article of bed-room furniture is distinguished in Ireland; for in return for the abuse which a traveller of that name vented upon this land of hospitality, its inhabitants placed his portrait in a very ignominious situation, and christened this useful article with his name. Suffice it to say, the *baptismal rites* were not wanting at the ceremony.

To return, however, to the *Beau Monde*: we have one charge more to bring forward against its editor. We

have taxed him hitherto with folly: we now call upon him, not as a critic, but as a man. Read the following paragraph, it appeared in his last month's magazine.

"Mrs. Henry Johnson's mortifying repulse from the Bath audience, was occasioned by her late indecorous abandonment of her husband and children. She is to make her appearance at Covent Garden; and if the public think fit to overlook her conduct, and receive her with as much favour as they showed her in her days of DECENCY, she is to have a permanent engagement."

Of this paragraph we cannot sufficiently express our contempt! It is a direct invitation to the public to hiss an unprotected woman: assuredly unprotected, for he who seduces the wife from the arms of her husband has seldom inclination or courage to defend her afterwards. That these lines should be written by a man, and a young man too, is almost incredible. Had the Bath audience been always so punctilious, other persons might have shared their resentment. This gentleman would do well to remember this passage of the classic:

"Hoc maxime officii est ut quisque maxime opus indigeat ita ei potissimum opitulari."

His praises of Miss Bolton are disgusting; for wishing the world to suppose he is a favourite of *her's*, he persuades them that she is a favourite of *his*. But surely Miss Bolton must have too much good sense not to see how contemptible his conduct has been towards her *from the very beginning*; for had she the promise of Grassini, to whom in the *Morning Chronicle* she has been compared, his praises would do her an injury. Miss Bolton is a beautiful interesting young woman, a pleasing actress, and a pretty singer; she has many requisites for the stage, and improves rapidly, but she has not been long enough in the theatre to warrant the encomiums he bestows upon her, to the total discomfiture of all other singers: even Mrs. Dickens could not escape; and three months ago he found out she never could sustain the first cast of characters, because she happened to be engaged at the same theatre with Miss Bolton.

We shall conclude our remarks upon our BROTHER magazines for this month; and in our next number propose noticing the critiques in the Ca-

binet, the Mirror, and some other periodical publications. We trust in doing this we may render service to the stage, and discover secret springs of action hitherto most carefully concealed; for at present,

"Causa latet, res est notissima."

DRURY-LANE.

The candidates for fame have been rather numerous during the last month; and among the first whom we have to notice is Mr. Putnam, a gentleman who appeared as *Alonzo* in *Pizarro*. His face is good, his action graceful, and his manners easy. His voice was heard distinctly in all parts of the theatre; and, upon the whole, his performance of the part warranted the applause he met with.

We wish we could continue our commendation to Mr. Elliston's *Rolla*; but justice compels us to condemn where we should wish to praise. It is no more like *Rolla* than it is like *Cera*. A gruff, growling, deep bass tone pervaded all the speeches; and an inflation, at once unpleasant and unnatural, was the substitute for impassioned declamation. In the scene where *Alonzo* escapes, instead of watching his progress from the prison silently, Mr. Elliston made as much noise as he possibly could, and called after him as loudly as if it were really his intention to alarm the sentinels, instead of deluding them. It is in such characters that Drury-lane needs Mr. Young. Why he was allowed to leave the metropolis heaven only knows.—Mr. Elliston is great in comedy, and in comedy alone.

Mrs. Whitelocke made her appearance in the tragedy of *Percy*. Her delineation of *Elwina* marked the practised actress, and displayed a knowledge of the stage. But the day is gone by. She has passed that time of life when personal attractions second mental exertions: and though her reception was not unkind, it was not sufficiently brilliant to warrant a repetition of the play.

On Saturday the 11th, Miss Lyons and Mr. Smith (the latter from Sadler's Wells) made their *debut* here; Miss Lyon as *Rebecca*, and Mr. Smith as *Hodge*, in the opera of *Love in a Village*. The young lady had never been upon the stage before, and appeared extremely agitated; her fears, however, had no foundation; she sang the airs delightfully, particularly the duet

at the opening, and the song of "In love should there meet a fond pair." Her reception was very flattering, and though we cannot approve either her dress, or action, her speaking we think very just. Of Mr. Smith we cannot speak so highly. He has certainly a good voice, but humour at Sadler's Wells is grossness at Drury-Lane, and a man as often commits himself by doing too much in the way of being facetious as by doing too little; in the choruses this gentleman may be of great use.

After the opera, the farce of *the Wedding Day* presented Mrs. Jordan to the audience in one of her favourite characters: though evidently labouring under indisposition, her performance was excellent, and considering that in addition to illness, she had to support Mr. Mathews in *Sir Adam*, it was no small exertion: whether it is owing to carelessness on the part of this gentleman, or natural defect, we know not, but really since his return to Drury-lane all that broad humour which enlivened *The Critic*, and carried through some miserable new pieces at the Haymarket, is vanished. He played *Sir Adam Contest* like a man dreaming of something he did not like; he was tame, inanimate, and spiritless; it was like a canary-bird singing in the dome of St. Paul's, so very faint that we could not discern what he intended: the rich face of King can never be forgotten, and will probably never be equalled, but we could have wished that Dowton, who is a chaste and warm actor, had been the successor to that inimitable man; his passions are more natural, and his delivery more forcible, than those of Mr. Mathews.

Miss Lyons has since repeated the character of *Rosetta* four times, and is advertised to appear in *Rosina*.

A new comedy by H. Siddons will have appeared before the publication of our present number. We must necessarily defer noticing it till the ensuing number.

COVENT-GARDEN.

The first new performer we have to notice here is a Miss Bampfied, who appeared in *Rosina*. It is indispensably necessary that a public performer should either look well, speak well, act well, or sing well—unfortunately neither of these requisites

were in the catalogue of this young lady's qualifications, and she repeated the part but once.

Friday 9th, Mr. Jones, from Ireland, made his appearance in the characters of *Goldfinch* and *Frederick* in *the Road to Ruin* and *Of Age To-morrow*. This gentleman flushed with success, and Hibernian approbation, came evidently prepared for a wonderful reception: he was not deceived; his reception was wonderful indeed: of all gifts modesty is the most gratifying, and it could not prepossess the audience much in his favour to see him receive the very kind encouragement of an English Theatre without the smallest degree of sensibility; brushing up his hair, pulling up his face into a grin, kissing his band to the house, and wriggling himself into a thousand dancing-school attitudes. Mr. Jones should recollect that diffidence in any new actor is very becoming, but more so in a man who comes avowedly to take the parts of such a performer as Mr. Lewis, whose infinite talents, exquisite animation, good humour, and good sense, have so long endeared him to the town. All this Mr. Jones should have remembered, and it would have done him no harm if he had appeared to seek the applauses of the house, not as if he were conscious he could command them.

His figure is rather tall and slight, his countenance dapper and sharp, it has no expression though a good deal of animation, he looks thin, but his constitution must be a very fine one, if we may judge from the strength of his lungs, for during the play he appeared as if he wished to be heard in *Covent-Garden market* rather than in *Covent-Garden Theatre*; it was what he considered "*keeping up the bawl*."

To compare him with his predecessor in *Goldfinch* would be unjust, and to say Mr. Jones is a bad actor because he failed in this part would be saying too much: to be accustomed to a man's humour it is necessary to be accustomed to the man, and perhaps if this new importation gives himself up to study, and considers before he performs, he may in some years almost become as good an actor as he thinks himself at present!

His *Frederick* was fainter than his *Goldfinch*: no Lewis had gone before him there, and yet he marred the scene; in short, his performance of the part proved that nature had form-

ed him for a *hair-dresser* rather than an actor; he failed in every thing but the *barber*.

In the play we must pay a tribute of genuine applause to Munden, that great, that general actor, who in parts such as *Nipperkin* or *Crack* convulses the house with laughter; in *Old Dornton* can draw tears from the most insensible: his distressed, fond father is a *chef d'œuvre*. We must however censure his unwarrantable *capriccios*, and overcharged buffoonery in *King Arthur*.

Of Mrs. Mattocks in the *Widow Warren* much might be said; her transitions from gay to grave were exquisite; the effects she produced were truly comic, and the reception she met with highly flattering: but if it gives pleasure to notice talent on the wane, what must be the happiness of that critic who discovers rising genius and merit in a young actress! Miss Norton, whom we mentioned in our last, as having appeared in *Imogen*, gave this evening to *Sophia* an interest, a brilliancy and spirit, which no actress since the youthful days of Jordan ever equalled; the littleness of the girl's ideas, her trifling pleasures, her *comical griefs*, were delightfully expressed, and the person of Miss Norton so youthful and so pretty, added to her talents, rendered her part the most striking in the piece: the house noticed the difference between this lady and any of her predecessors, and repaid the brilliant display of merit by shouts of applause.

Mr. Jones has since played *Gingham*, and has discovered to the world that he is but a superficial actor; he is in short Mr. Jones in every thing, and being so very disagreeable as Mr.

Jones, the less the town see of Mr. Jones the better. His *Bowkitt* was a complete failure.

Mrs. Dickons, late Miss Poole, performed *Mandane* on Tuesday the 20th; and if she had half as much taste as she has voice and science, she would no doubt become a prodigious favourite. her "Soldier Tir'd" was remarkably well sung, and greatly applauded. Inledon, who never can sing ill, was very melodious in some of the songs of Arbaces, and Taylor looked in *high health* as the Persian Prince. Miss Bolton's *Semira* was very pleasing; some of her songs were sung exquisitely.

There being but a wretched audience on this evening, Mrs. Dickons has chosen to play *Polly* in the *Beggar's Opera*. We cannot protract our number to notice it, but we think it unfair that Miss Bolton, who played so much to the satisfaction of the town for a whole season, should be rejected for a new performer.*

Mrs. Siddons has played some of her principal characters, without any diminution, either of applause or *bulk*; and Mr. Kemble has failed in nothing but *Lord Terenley*. This part is as ill adapted to his talents and mode of acting, as Lady Townley is to Miss Brunton's. We wish this young lady would pay more attention to her *character*, and less to the fine form of her neck and shoulders, of which she is constantly taking a *panoramic view*. We should be glad to know why Miss Smith is so completely laid upon the shelf.

A new farce, entitled, "*Too Friendly by Half*," is on the eve of making its appearance at this Theatre.

DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

LONDON.

During the representation at Sadler's Wells, on the night of Thursday the 15th of October, some persons in the gallery being intoxicated began to quarrel. After some altercation, some of the audience called to them, in a loud tone to *fight*. The word fight was mistaken by the ladies in the boxes for *fire*; they perceived confusion in the gallery, and imagining fire had broken out, they endeavoured to make their escape. The audience in the pit caught the alarm, and the gallery followed. The whole house was

now in the greatest confusion, every one endeavouring to get to the doors, people dropping from the gallery into the pit, and nothing but screams and groans were heard. At this moment the scene was dreadful, many were thrown down and trampled under foot, whilst others were literally pressed to death in the crowd. In vain did the manager, with a speaking trumpet, use every exertion to convince the audience that no fire existed. The catastrophe which followed, was produced by the violent pressure of persons who had quitted the gallery of

* Since writing the above we have heard that Mrs. Dickons was compelled to perform this character.

the theatre on the first alarm, endeavouring, when they found it to have been groundless, to return to their places; but a number of others, who were still pressing to get out, being on the staircase, occasioned such a concussion between the two parties, as to produce the most dreadful effects. When the tumult had somewhat subsided, a truly distressing spectacle presented itself: twenty bodies lay apparently dead; two of whom were, however, with great difficulty recovered by the medical gentlemen, many of whom were immediately at hand to assist. Besides which upwards of thirty persons had their limbs broken, and were otherwise dreadfully bruised. All were assisted with the most commendable alacrity by the surgeons. Considering the height of the place, the gallery, from which many leaped into the pit, being about thirty feet above the floor, it is astonishing that a greater number were not hurt in the fall.

During the night vast numbers of people assembled round the theatre in search of their lost children and friends; indeed the pressure became so great, that the manager was compelled to refuse admission to those who failed in describing their lost objects. All the girandoles, musical instruments, &c. belonging to the theatre were broken to pieces, and the interior of the house almost entirely destroyed.

Next day the coroner and the jury examined the bodies, some of which had undergone a material change, from the rapid progress of putrefaction.

The evidence proved the origin of the calamity in the way that has been stated; and the jury returned a verdict—"Killed casually, accidentally, and by misfortune." The coroner observed, that no blame whatever was attached to the theatre, Mr. Dibdin, and the other proprietors, having done every thing that humanity and presence of mind could dictate. There were four nights of performance for the season; but the proprietors, out of feeling and delicacy, closed the theatre.

A brewer's servant and his brother, and another man with a woman, having been detected in the pit behaving in a riotous manner just previous to the accident, were ordered to be committed to stand trial for a misdemeanor; the men have been admitted to

bail, but the woman was committed to prison.

A few days ago, a seaman, who seemed to have stored away more *grog* than he could steadily carry, was charged by a publican, at whose house he lodged, with having broken his windows, and assaulted him.—Honest Ben, a veteran near 60, who appeared to have weathered many a hard gale, and was a good deal *shattered* both in *hull* and *rigging*, after hearing the charge against him, and being asked what he had to say in his defence, turned his *quid*, hitched up his trousers, and addressing the worthy alderman in the true *forecastle* dialect, said, "Why, your honour, be like I might have come athwart this here man in a breeze, and mauled him a little, fore and aft; but he has forgot to tell your honour as how he began first; so your honour must overhaul him a bit, before you send me to the bilboes. Your honour must know, I am a customer at his house, and take my *birth* there, and he's my *purser*, and all that: but he has forgot to tell you as how that he hove me overboard last night, and shattered my *head-rails* and *lower timbers* before I began and stove in his lights. And does your honour think that I, who have been a seaman in his majesty's service, man and boy, these 40 years, will ever take such rough hauling from e'er a lubber in Europe, without giving him battle? If I do, then say I am no seaman."—This harangue produced a great deal of laughter, and honest Ben was dismissed, upon a promise, that he would not strike his landlord again, unless his landlord struck him first.

Married.] Sir John Louis, bart. captain in the royal navy, and son of the late Admiral Louis, to Miss Kirkpatrick, eldest daughter of the late colonel Wm. K. of the Bengal establishment.

George Wharton Marriott, esq. of the Inner Temple, 2d son of the revd. Dr. Marriott, of Coutisbatch, Leicestershire, to Selina Anne, only daughter of the late revd. Fitzherbert Adams, rector of Ulcombe. Kent.

Captain Bettsworth of the Crocodile frigate, to lady Hannah Grey, youngest daughter of earl Grey, and sister to viscount Howick.

L. R. Coussmaker, esq. of Upper Gower Street, to Mrs. de Trappe, widow of colonel G. de Trappe.

James Pughe, esq. (royal navy) of

Francis-street, Bedford-square, to Miss Elizabeth Mackenzie, second daughter of Kenneth Mackenzie, esq. of Warren-street.

Lieut.-colonel Holland, to Miss Charlotte Peters, second daughter of H. Peters, esq. of Belchworth Castle, Surrey.

Robert Gibson, esq. of Upper Tooting, to Miss Boydell of Pall Mall.

At Hampstead, J. W. Warren, esq. barrister, of the Inner Temple, to Miss Francis Steers, daughter of Charles Steers, esq.

Daniel Buchanan, esq. of Liverpool, to Miss Owen, daughter of the late John Owen, esq. of Richmond, Anglesea.

Died. In Gloucester Place, Portman-square, Mrs. Margaret Horsley, relict of the reverend Isaac Horsley, rector of Antingham, St. Mary's, and vicar of Briston, Norfolk.

In Great Russel Street, Bloomsbury, Samuel Greig, esq. commissioner for the navy of his imperial majesty the emperor of all the Russias, and officiating Russian consul general in Great Britain, aged 29 years.

At Blackheath, Cha. Kensington, esq.

Jeffery Smith, esq. late of Horselydown, and a captain in the river fencibles.

Mr. John Wright, of St. John's Square, printer. He was taken off suddenly, after only two days illness, in the 38th year of his age. His illness began with a cold, which he caught while he was on a shooting party; this brought on a violent fever, which occasioned his death.

Mr. William Hooper, aged 22 years, son of Mr. James Hooper, of New Bond Street.

Suddenly, in a court of St. James's Palace, Mr. Cadman, of Pimlico, supposed to be the only remaining domestic of her royal highness the princess dowager of Wales, under whose will he received a small pension for his life. By appointment of his majesty, he resided many years at St. James's, and what is very remarkable, in passing through the palace to his lodgings at Pimlico, he dropped down near the door of the apartments where he had so long attended on his royal master, and in a few minutes expired. He has left a son and a widowed daughter, with two young children, to lament his loss.

In Hill Street, Samuel Long, esq. of Carshalton, Surrey.

At Stanmore, W. Roberts, esq.

At Brompton, Horace Walpole Bedford, esq. of the British Museum.

In his 49th year, Alured Henry Shore, esq. of Lincoln's Inn, recorder of Queenborough, and a commissioner of bankrupts.

At East Sheen, sir Brooke Watson, bart. an alderman of London, and deputy governor of the bank of England. He was born at Plymouth in the year 1735, left an orphan in 1741, lost a leg by a shark at the Havannah in 1749, served as an assistant commissary, under colonel Moncton, at the siege of Beausejour, in Nova Scotia, in 1755, and at the siege of Louisbourg, with the immortal Wolfe, in 1758; in 1759 he settled in London as a merchant, and the year following married Helen, the daughter of Colin Campbell, esq. of Edinburgh. He was among the first gentlemen who, in 1779, formed the respectable corps of light horse volunteers, and was with them when they were highly instrumental in suppressing the alarming riots in 1780. The following year he had the honour of presenting them with a standard from the king, in testimony of his majesty's approbation for their meritorious service. In 1782 he was called upon to fill the office of commissary general to the army serving in North America under the command of his friend, the wise, brave, and upright gen. sir Guy Carleton, now lord Dorchester. On his return from that service, he was rewarded with an annuity of 500*l.* granted by parliament to his wife. In January 1784, he was sent to parliament a representative for the city of London, and on the dissolution in that year was re-elected, and at the same period elected a director of the Bank of England, and soon after an alderman for Cordwainers' Ward. In 1786 he served the office of sheriff for London and Middlesex, and had the honour of being chairman to the committee of the House of Commons in 1788, during their debates on the regency bill. On the dissolution of parliament in 1790, he was again re-elected to represent the city of London, but vacated his seat in 1793, by accepting the Chiltern Hundreds, on being called upon to serve as commissary general to the army on the continent, serving under the command of his royal highness the duke of York. In 1796 he retired from the service, and was elected

lord mayor, and had the duties of that high office to discharge during a period replete with unexampled difficulties, arising from the effervescence of party spirit, the mutiny in the fleet, and the restraint laid on specie payments by the Bank of England, of which he continued to be a director. In March 1793 he was commissioned commissary-general of England; and in November 1808 his majesty was graciously pleased to express his royal approbation of his services, by creating him (gratuitously) a baronet of the united kingdom, with remainder to his nephews William and Brook Kay. Having no surviving issue, he has devised his inherited estate (about three hundred pounds a year), after the death of his wife, to his sister, the widow of the late Wm. Pitt, esq. and his slender acquired property, after paying a few inconsiderable legacies to relations, friends, and servants, to be placed in the public funds, the interest to be paid lady Watson during her life, the principal at her death to his own and her named relations, in equal proportions. He was, through life, to his king and country, a constitutional loyal subject; a diligent, zealous, and faithful servant; a firm, upright, and merciful magistrate; to his wife a most affectionate and tender husband; to his relations a kind and substantial friend; in his friendships constant; in faith a firm christian; in deeds a benevolent and honest man.

Died.] At his house at Nottingham-place, the right hon. Thos. Wynn, baron of Newborough, in the 72d year of his age. His lordship was first married to lady Catherine Percival, daughter of the earl of Egmont, by whom he had one son, who died. His second marriage was with an Italian lady, by whom he has left two sons, one in his fourth, the other in his fifth year, who succeeds to his lordship's titles and estates.

In Old-street. Mr. Kirk, watch-engraver, better known by the name of Water Kirk, in the 88th year of his age. He never experienced any illness till within a few hours of his death. Through a principle of religion, he never tasted animal food, or any thing stronger than water.

In Lower Brooke-street, Washington Cotes, esq. only brother of J. Cotes, esq. M.P. for this county: a man whose benevolence of mind and gentlemanly manners gained him the

love and respect of those who knew him.

At Greenwich Hospital, Lieut. Peter Van Court, the oldest lieutenant of that place, as also in his majesty's service, he having been promoted to the rank of lieutenant on the 25th of December, 1747, and was in the 86th year of his age.

At Brompton, Charles Wright, esq. chief clerk of the Admiralty, in the 74th year of his age. He died as he had lived, respected and lamented, having completed a period of more than 50 years as a servant of the public, in a manner honourable to himself, and gratifying to the recollection of his surviving and disconsolate family. In addition to his long and faithful discharge of public duty, he had actively contributed, during his life, to the benefit of various charities, particularly the Asylum and Grey-coat hospital, of both of which he was governor and treasurer.

At Hackney, Mr. James Lack, aged 105 years. He had served as a private soldier under George I. and II.; was in the German wars in the reigns of those two monarchs, and attended general Wolfe in his last moments, at the siege of Quebec; and, it is worthy of remark, though he had been in 15 engagements, and 15 skirmishes, he had not received a wound, and boasted till his death, that he never shewed his back to the enemy. He flattered himself, some weeks previous to his dissolution, that he should live to the age of Old Parr.

BUCHINGHAMSHIRE.

Died.] At Beaconsfield, in an advanced age, Mrs. Haviland, relict of the late gen. Haviland: a woman in many respects justly memorable. Her talents were lively, keen, and powerful; her acquaintance with elegant literature extensive and various; she possessed a style polished, pointed, and sparkling: her conversation was rich, entertaining, and instructive, abounding in anecdotes of those who, in her early days, had been most eminent for letters, wit, and humour, in her native country, Ireland: and in her memory were preserved many beautiful fragments of ancient songs and ballads, which have escaped our most diligent collectors. Above all, her heart was friendly, affectionate, and benevolent; and she discharged the manifold duties of a long life, in a manner that peculiarly endeared her to all who were

more immediately connected with her.

CUMBERLAND.

Married.] At Bromfield, R. B. Blamine, esq. of Lincoln's Inn, London, to Miss C. Benson, third daughter of the late T. Benson, esq. of Cocker mouth.

At Carlisle, Mr. Wm. Thompson, of London, to Miss Martha Perkins.

At Whitehaven, Mr. Tilly, solicitor of Dublin, to Miss Eliz. Collins.

At Osgathorpe, a couple whose joint ages amounted to 91 years; the bride being 72, and the bridegroom 19. The bride was godmother to the husband, and two years older than his mother.

Died.] At Edmund Castle, near Carlisle, Thomas Graham, esq. father of James Graham, esq. M. P. aged 91.

At Rockcliffe, in her 56th year, Mrs. Hodgson, wife of John Hodgson, esq.

At Harrington, in the 30th year of his age, captain Tho. Matthews.

At Blencowe school, near Penrith, in his 17th year, master Alex. Joseph, a native of Jamaica, and a young gentleman of great natural abilities.

At Carlisle, Mrs. Grace Little, aged 54, and the following morning her brother, Mr. John Hodgson, in his 67th year.

At Whitehaven, Mrs. Marg. Grave, aged 88.—In his 84th year, Tho. Wilson.

In his 67th year, Mr. John Laybourn, for 22 years agent to the coal works of John Christian Curwen, esq. in the neighbourhood of Harrington.

DEVONSHIRE.

Married.] At Torr, Geo. Mitchell, esq. to Miss Andrews, eldest daughter of Mr. Andrews, attorney, Modbury.

At Withecombe Raleigh, the rev. Tho. Craig, of Bocking, Essex, to Miss Davis, of Exmouth.

Died.] At Exeter, Mrs. Mackintosh, relict of John Mackintosh, esq. of Blington, aged 73.—Joseph Johnson, esq.

At Woodley, the rev. Mr. Davie, formerly a priest-vicar of Exeter cathedral.

At Woodbury, John Holwell, esq. aged 84.

At Exmouth, Mr. John Staple, in his 58th year.

At Heavitree, Miss Sarah Tucker, of Honiton, aged 21.

At Chumleigh, John Fewings, aged upwards of 90. This man was of the humble occupation of a tinker, but he

presented a singular contrast to the corrupt manners and dissolute life of this description of itinerants. He was never known to take what is technically called a dram, nor was he ever seen in a state of intoxication; and until within a year or two previous to his decease, he uniformly followed his employment without the assistance of glasses. At this period also he would, to accommodate an old customer, walk five or six miles, with his tools on his back, and return the same day. The following anecdote, which he often related, may not be deemed unworthy of insertion, as it tends to shew the prodigious increase of consumption in an article then scarcely known to the lower classes of society: about 50 years ago, calling accidentally at a farm-house, he was invited to partake of some tea that the good woman had just brought from market, and which she actually prepared by boiling it in the common kitchen copper, and every now and then dipping a portion of it out with a ladle. This rough preparation, however, pleased honest John so well, that from that time till his dissolution he was a perfect Johnsonian tea-drinker.

DURHAM.

Married.] At Durham, the rev. T. Jackson, vicar of Kirby Ravensworth, Yorkshire, to Miss Hayes, daughter of the rev. Tho. Hayes, vicar of St. Oswald's, Durham.

Died.] At Durham, Mrs. Worthy, aged 56.—Mr. John Lampson, late master of the Blue-coat school in this city, and an able mathematician, in his 63d year.

At Sleekburn Mill, near Durham, Mr. Edmund James, of Walsingham, aged 74.

At Kirk Andrews-upon-Eden, Mrs. Liddell, wife of Mr. Liddell, in her 92d year.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

Married.] Mr. Jenkins, surgeon and apothecary, of Ledbury, to Miss Ireland, of Forthampton.

Died.] At Gloucester, Mrs. Newton, relict of the rev. Mr. Newton, of that city.

At Sudley, Tho. Freeman, esq.

At Horsley, Elizabeth and Louisa, daughters of the rev. Tho. Dudley Fosbrooke.

At Lechlade, Mrs. Mary Loder, widow of Cha. Loder, aged 86.

At Kington, near Thornbury, Mr. Wm. Osborn, in his 76th year.

HAMPSHIRE.

At Christchurch, capt. Stuart, R.N. second son of the late sir Cha. Stuart, to Miss Sullivan, eldest daughter of the right hon. John Sullivan.

Died.] At Alverstoke, near Gosport, Dr. John Sturges, chancellor of the diocese of Winchester, one of the prebendaries of that cathedral, and rector of Alverstoke; father of Mr. Sturges Bourne, one of the lords of the treasury. Dr. Sturges was known to the literary world by several performances. His first publication was a consecration sermon, printed in 1777. Two years afterwards he published "Considerations on the State of the Church Establishment," in an octavo volume. This book was in reply to the "Lectures on Nonconformity" of the late Mr. Robert Robinson; and the manner in which it is written places its author in a most creditable light, both as a sensible and a moderate man. In 1791 Dr. Sturges wrote "Short Remarks" on Dodson's Translation of Isaiah, which were answered by Mr. Dodson, and produced very favourable testimonies to the learning of the doctor and the candour of his adversary. The subsequent literary productions of Dr. Sturges have been, a volume of excellent discourses, chiefly on the evidences of natural and revealed religion, and an elegant single sermon, preached at Lambeth chapel, Dec. 2, 1792, at the consecration of the late Dr. Butler, bishop of Exeter.

At Hudfield Lodge, near Wickham, Mrs. Sarah Bligh, wife of capt. John Bligh, commander of his majesty's ship Alfred, in the Baltic.

At Winchester, in the 70th year of his age, the rev. Matthew Woodford, archdeacon of that cathedral, and rector of Crawley and Calbourn in this county.

KENT.

Wasps have been this season extremely numerous and troublesome in this county, as is usual in hot seasons in those districts where sweet fruits abound; and many persons have been stung most severely. A few days since a young woman, of Whitstable, employed in hop-picking in the neighbourhood of Canterbury, was severely stung by a wasp over the temporal artery, near the eye, and the part instantly became much swelled and inflamed, and threw the poor girl into great agony. Her mother, by the ad-

vice of some ignorant people, applied a plaster of shoemaker's wax to the part; the effect of which was to aggravate the symptoms, and produce an inflammation of the eye. The poor girl, unable to pursue her work, walked home to Whitstable, where she died in two days afterwards, frantic with torture.—*One drop of laudanum is an instant cure for the sting of a wasp.*

A plain bluff citizen, recently returning from his annual trip to Margate, and not choosing to venture by the *boy*, very prudently took his passage on the *upper story* of a stage-coach, and thus *bumbled* himself by *exaltation*; for nothing so deservedly settles the *quality* of a traveller with the *innkeepers* and *coach owners* as the *price* a man chooses to pay for his journey. It is even considered as a high insult to the *aristocratical dignity* of the *inside passengers*, if any of the *living luggage* from the top should intrude upon them at meals. In this predicament the honest citizen found himself, when the vehicle stopped for supper at Rochester. The night was cold, his appetite keen; and conscious of the *rhino* to pay his way, he entered the *feeding room*, where the *inside company* were at supper, and begun to unmuffle himself for the repast. The guests stared at him as if he had been a *rhinoceros*. At last a pert young barrister, attired in *black*, stepped up to him, and, with a supercilious air, asked him, "Pray are you the *coachman*?"—"No," answered the other. "Pray are you the *guard*?"—"No, sir," replied the *quizzier*, "why should you take me for the *guard*?"—"Nay, I ask your pardon," rejoined the *cit*, "I thought you might have been the *guard*, from the *colour* of your *coat*; for I understand several *black-guards* go with the coaches on this road."

A few nights ago a sentinel, posted near the Anchor wharf, in the dockyard, Chatham, was alarmed by the sound of footsteps approaching his post; he challenged, but received no answer. he repeated the challenge, but heard no sound but of the footsteps slowly approaching. The alarm was passed from sentinel to sentinel, until it reached the guard-room, from whence a serjeant, with some men, instantly went to the spot where the alarm originated, and the challenge was again repeated, but with as little attention being paid to it as before. When every chance had been

given which any well-disposed person could wish for to induce him to come forward, the serjeant thought that longer delay would be a dereliction of duty, and therefore gave an order to fire, which was immediately complied with, and was as instantly followed by a deep groan. A rapid movement to the spot from whence the noise proceeded soon made them acquainted with the cause of it, and proved that the shot had done some execution; but they were surprised, and much disappointed, to find, instead of a lurking robber, or secret incendiary, that a poor harmless cow, who had strayed from her pasture in the darkness of the night, became its victim. The luckless animal had its leg so severely shattered by the ball, that there was a necessity for killing her in the morning.

KENT.

Married.] At Dover, John Somerville, esq. of London, to Miss Wilson.

The rev. J. H. Hewlett, fellow of Pembroke-hall, Cambridge, to Miss Brattle, of Wateringbury.

At Linton, the rev. H. W. Neville, second son of Christopher Neville, esq. of Wellingore, Lincolnshire, to Miss Amelia Mann, second daughter of James Mann, esq.

Rob. M. Smith, esq. of Bromley, to Miss Thomas, eldest daughter of Jas. Thomas, esq. of Greenwich.

Died.] At Bishop Stortford, Edw. Brome, esq. of Town Mallings.

At Feversham, John Smith, esq. many years in the commission of the peace for this county.

At Seven Oaks, Mrs. Richardson, wife of major-gen. Richardson.

At Margate, Lewis Agassiz, esq. formerly an eminent merchant in London, in his 71st year.

At Cranbrook, the rev. Rich. Podmore, nearly 90 years vicar of that parish, aged 63.

LANCASHIRE.

Married.] At Manchester, Mr. Geo. Smith, attorney, to Miss Mary Ann Cooper.

Died.] At Aughton, near Ormskirk, aged 100, Mr. R. Brighthouse.

At Halliwell, near Bolton, aged 70, Peter Ainsworth, esq.

At Liverpool, Mrs. Sarah, relict of capt. Brian M'Donna, and daughter of the late capt. Johnson, of this port. Few females ever made such proficiency in the nautical part of the mathematics as she had done.—Capt.

Rob. Freers, late of the ship *Fortitude*, of this port, aged 30. The severe wounds which he received in his gallant, but fruitless attempt to preserve his ship in an action with two French privateers of superior force, off St. Domingo, in May last, brought on an illness, which at length proved fatal.

LINCOLNSHIRE.

Married.] The rev. John Ridghill, rector of Welborne, to Miss Millicent Welby, youngest daughter of the late Rich. Welby, esq.

At Wansford, near Stamford, Mr. T. Kirby, of Barrowden, to Miss Jane Sharper. It is remarkable, that in such a considerable parish, this is the first wedding solemnized in the church for nearly six years.

Died.] At Wrangle, near Boston, Mrs. Wright, wife of the rev. Mr. W.

At Welbourn, Mrs. Hannah Buringham, relict of Mr. Tho. B. of the Granby inn, who, as well as a brother of Mr. B. died within the last eight months in the same house.

At Tyd St. Mary's, the rev. James Wardleworth.

At Louth, Mrs. James, widow of the rev. Peter James, of Greenwich, Kent.

At Ollerton, Mrs. Brown, widow of Mr. Gentle B. of Lincoln, attorney.

NORFOLK.

Married.] At Heigham, Mr. J. W. Robberds, son of alderman R. of Norwich, to Miss Ann May Unthank, daughter of Wm. U esq.

At Yarmouth, Mr. Kerr, surgeon, to Miss Fox, third daughter of Ben. Fox, esq. of the custom-house of that place.

At Norwich, Henry Reeve, esq. M.D. to Miss Susanna Taylor.

Died.] At Cromer, Mrs. Mary Ransome, relict of capt. Ransome, aged 70.—Mrs. Pratt, wife of Edw. R. Pratt, esq. of Royston-house, and sister to lady Astley.

At East Dereham, Mrs. Dickens, relict of col. Dickens.

In his 75th year, the rev. T. Beckwith.

At Bacton, Mrs. Hewet, widow of the rev. Mr. Hewett.

At Tatterford, in her 12th year, Rachel Anne, second daughter of the rev. Robert Norris.

At Norwich, Miss Sophia Astley, sixth daughter of sir Jacob Henry Astley, bart.—Miss Alderson, daughter of R. Alderson, steward of the city, aged 20.

OXFORDSHIRE.

Married.] At Witney, Isaac Newton Laurence, esq. of Colthill, Berks, to Miss Symonds.

At Chipping Norton, Mr. Colegrave of Sibford, to Miss Mary Breakspear, of the Blue Boar Inn.

At Oxford, Mr. G. L. Luker to Miss Carter.

Died.] At Oxford, aged 54, Mr. John Bailey, many years in the service of Mr. Costar, as coachman from this city to London. He was so expert a driver, and so highly respected, that many gentlemen of the whip, who had been his pupils, very liberally settled a handsome annuity upon him.—Mr. Thos. Newman aged 62. He had for 35 years faithfully discharged the offices of cook and manciple to St. John's college.

At Bletchington, the rev. James Coward, rector of that parish.

At Stadhampton, Mrs. Marshall widow of the rev. Christopher Marshall of Great Hazeley.

SHROPSHIRE.

Married.] At Chetwynd, John Godwin Massey Massey, esq. of the Villa, Market Drayton, to Miss Morris, of Park End, near Newport.

At Striffhal, — Coldstream, esq. to Mrs. Ann Wales.

At Acton Round, Mr. Chester, of Wellington, to Miss Lloyd, third daughter of the late John L., esq. of the former place.

Died.] At Glasshampton, Mrs. Moseley, wife of Walter Michael Moseley, esq.

At Leighton, Miss Kynnersley, eldest daughter of the late Anthony Kynnersley, esq.

At Ludlow, Mrs. Pearce Hall, relict of Wm. Pearce Hall, esq.

At Umbridge, aged 112 years, Mary Heyward. For some time previous to her death, she received a weekly allowance from Mrs. Charlton of Apley Castle, who paid every attention to her, that her age and helpless state required.

The rev. Henry Crump, vicar of Leighton and New Church.

SOMERSETSHIRE.

Married.] At Bristol, the rev. Thos. Spencer, A. M. of Oxford, to Miss Bowles, daughter of the late Edward Bowles, esq. of Shirehampton.

At Stoke Courcy, James Cragg, esq. to Miss Mary Rawlins, youngest daughter of John Rawlins, esq.

At North Stoneham, the rev. Gil-

bert Heathcote, fellow of Winchester college, to Miss Beadon, daughter of the rev. Edward Beadon, rector of North Stoneham.

At Bath, the rev. Edwin Stock, eldest son of the bishop of Killala, to Miss Louisa Droz, daughter of the late Simeon Droz, esq.—The rev. Sumner Smith, vicar of Ashill, to Mary Ann, second daughter of the late rev. Benjamin Spry, vicar of St. Mary Redcliff, Bristol.

Died.] At Bristol, Mrs. Grosett, wife of Schaw Grosett, esq. of Rodney Place, Clifton. Soon after her return from divine service on Sunday, her clothes caught fire, while alone in the drawing-room; her cries gave instant alarm, but such was the rapidity and violence of the flames, that the injury she received proved fatal, in defiance of every exertion, and the immediate aid of the faculty. In this scene of woe, the house took fire, and was with difficulty saved.—Mrs. Grosett was a lady of unbounded charity. Her greatest delight was to diffuse happiness, consolation and relief.—Henry George Pretymann, second son of the rev. Dr. Pretymann, archdeacon and residentiary of Lincoln.

At Stockland, Wm. Hody Cox, esq. of Jesus college, Cambridge, a young man of most promising talents, in his 25th year.

At Kingston near Taunton, John Band, esq. late of Woolsey House, many years one of his Majesty's justices of the peace, and a deputy lieutenant for the county.

At Bath, Thomas Oliver Vassall, third son of the late John Vassall, esq. and brother to the late gallant colonel Vassall, who fell at Monte Video.—Mrs. Maltby, relict of Thos. Maltby, esq. of Lakenham Grove, and mother to the lady of the bishop of Lincoln, aged 82.—Mrs. Trigg, mother of Richard Trigg, esq.

STAFFORDSHIRE.

Married.] At Chudle, G. Wragge, esq. of Mansfield, to Miss Emma Ingleby.

At Mavelly, the rev. Samuel Walter, curate of that place, to Miss Bray.

At Wolverhampton, Mr. Henry Smith attorney, to Miss Turton.

Died.] In Walsall workhouse, Peter Dunks, aged 104 years. His faculties were but little impaired till within a short time of his death.

At Ark Hall, near Tamworth, Humphry Woodcock, esq.

At Newcastle under Lyne, Mrs. Wilson, relict of Mr. W. an eminent manufacturer of Hanley.

At Hammerwich, near Lichfield, Mr. R. Adie.

SUFFOLK.

Married.] The rev. Edward Hickman of Denton, Norfolk, to Miss Esther Doggett, second daughter of Mr. John Doggett of Middleton Hall, Mendham.

At Sproughton, Joseph B. Smyth, esq. to Miss Rogers, daughter of the rev. Mr. Rogers.

At Sudbury, Houghton Spencer, esq. of West Wrattling, Cambridgeshire, to Miss Amelia Strutt, daughter of William S. esq.

Died.] At Sampson's Hall, in his 68th year, the rev. C. Tennant, perpetual curate of Highand, to which living he was elected in 1774.

At Hengrave, Mrs. Rookewood, wife of Robert Gage Rookewood, esq.

At Great Welnetnam, Miss Norman, daughter of Mr. Norman, aged 19.

At Ipswich, the rev. Wm. Gordon, D. D. formerly pastor of the dissenting congregation in Tacket-street in this town, aged 79.—Mr. Benjamin Raymond, eldest son of Mr. Raymond ship-builder.

SURREY.

Married.] At Croydon, Mr. Alfred Smith of Southwark, to Miss De Horne, eldest daughter of A. De Horne, esq. of Surry Square.

At Clapham, Edward Rogers, esq. barrister, to Miss Wolf, eldest daughter of George Wolf, esq. his Danish majesty's consul in England.

Died.] At Norwood, Christopher Spencer, esq. of Great Marlborough-street, London, aged 69.

At Richmond, at the house of her father, the marquis Townshend, of a scarlet fever, Lady Charlotte Bishopp, wife of Cecil Bishopp, esq. to whom she had been married about two years and a half. She has left no issue.

At Croydon, R. Harris, esq. formerly a druggist in St. Paul's Church Yard, London.

SUSSEX.

As a man named Lock, belonging to Ringmer, was making his accustomed tour round the neighbourhood, on a jack-ass, he alighted at a public-house, and there remained until intox-

ication compelled him to retire and remount his donkey; but he had not rode far, before the indignant animal, as if sensible of his rider's condition, and in revenge for the many stripes and hardships he had endured, cut a few capers, that soon laid his inebriated master prostrate on the road, and in that situation attacked him so fiercely with his teeth, that his body was shockingly lacerated before he could be rescued by some persons who ran to his assistance.

Married.] At Steyning, Mr. Sheppard of London, to Miss Young, daughter of Mr. Edward Young.

At Arundel, captain Arthur Morris, of the 73d regt. of foot, to Georgiana Frederica Morris, only daughter of captain Charles Morris of Charles-street, Fitzroy Square, London.

Died.] At Ringmer, Henry Thurlow Shadwell, esq. a justice of the peace, and captain of a corps of volunteer cavalry, called the Sussex Guides.

At Black Down, near Midhurst, Richard Yuldwin, esq. aged 45.

At Brighton, sir John Hort, bart. of Arundel-street, Piccadilly, many years British consul at Lisbon.—Captain Duval of the South Gloucester militia.—Mr. Thos. Pellatt, son of Thos. P. esq. of Ironmongers' Hall, London.

At Shoreham, Mrs. Kilvington, wife of H. M. Kilvington, esq. and sister to Stephen Rolleston, esq. of the Secretary of State's office.

At Hoe, near Brighton, Mrs. Hudleston, wife of John Hudleston, esq. of Down Place.

WARWICKSHIRE.

Married.] At West Bromwich, Mr. Wm. Bullock jun., to Miss Brinton, only daughter of Walter Brinton, esq.

At Aston, Mr. Joseph Peill of London, to Miss Hannah Robinson of Birmingham.

Died.] At Birmingham, widow Pratt, aged 102 years.

At Upton upon Severn, Thomas Brockhurst, esq. in his 87th year.

At Oversley Lodge, Mrs. Wilkes, wife of Mr. Eden Wilkes, and only daughter of the late Walter Jones, esq. of Alcester.

At Wappenbury, John P. F. J. Plunquette, 15 years officiating priest to the catholic congregation of that place, in his 42d year.

At Washwood Heath, Mr. Allen, aged 82.

WESTMORELAND.

Married.] At Kendal, Mr. Lance-
lot Hoggarth of Dodding-green, to
Miss Beck of Cumsworth Hall.

Mr William Irvine of Brougham
Castle, to Miss Mary Rudd of Brough,
Sowerby.

Died.] At Kendal, Mrs. Margaret
Wallace; Mrs. Isabella Thompson,
aged 79.

At Camis Gillin, Preston Patrick,
near Kendal, in her 83d year, Mrs.
Elizabeth Breaks; and on the follow-
ing day her husband, Mr. Richard
Breaks, in his 77th year. Their re-
mains were interred in one coffin in
the Friends' burial ground. They had
been married upwards of 52 years,
during which time they had not been
known to have a dispute. A few
days afterwards died at Crawsha-
booth, near Burnley, aged 22 years,
their grand daugh'ter, Mrs. Mary
Binns, wife of Mr. Joseph Binns.—
Thus, in the short space of four days,
were three persons snatched away out
of one family.

WILTSHIRE.

Married.] At Hull, Mr. Starr, to
Louisa, fourth daughter of Edward
Sonthouse, esq. late one of his majesty's
judges at Montreal in Canada.

At Chippenham, Mr. Rugg, attor-
ney, to Miss Bowsker of the Bear Inn.

Died.] At Leachlade, Mrs. Loder,
relict of Charles Loder, esq. aged 87.

At Chippenham, Samuel Neale, esq.

At Salisbury, E. Hinxman, esq. of
Durnford House, an alderman of that
city.

At Milksham, John Newman, esq.

At Wootton Bassett, John Ralph,
esq. a justice for the county, and an
alderman and justice for the borough
of Wootton Bassett.

At South Burham House, Mrs.
Whalley, wife of the revd. Mr. Whal-
ley, of Mendip Lodge, Somersetshire.

YORKSHIRE.

A few days ago, in the neighbour-
hood of Sheffield, some gentlemen
being on a shooting party, one of
them, who is short-sighted, sprung a
nest of partridges. The birds going
directly over a wall, alarmed a brown
horse that happened to be grazing
under it; when suddenly raising his
head above the wall, and not being
more than a dozen yards from the
course of the birds, the sportsman, in
cocking and raising his piece, got
sight of the nag's head, which he fired
at, and killed the animal. Seeing his
game drop, he ordered his servant to
put it into the fowling bag.—“Sir,”
replied the man, “you have shot a horse.”
—“A horse! and he d—d to you,
put the bird into the bag, you fool.”—
“Sir, you have really kill'd a horse.”
The gentleman, in impatience, went
himself to gather the fruits of his la-
bour, and found the man's words ve-
rified.

A servant girl, who lived with an
elderly lady, in the vicinity of Hen-
don, lately threw herself into a pond,
on her mistress's premises; and, be-
fore assistance could be procured,
she was drowned. Every means were
employed to restore her to life, without
effect. What renders this circum-
stance the more singular is, that four
maid servants, who lived with the
same lady, have drowned themselves
in the same pond, within the last
seven years.

One of those disgraceful scenes,
which have of late become too com-
mon, was recently exhibited at
Knaresborough. Owing to some jea-
lousy, or other family difference, a
man brought his wife, equipped in the
usual style, and sold her at the market-
cross, for sixpence and a quid of to-
bacco!!

ERRATA IN NO. I.

Page 23, line 19, for “*advanced*,” read “*adorned*.”

Page 32, line 16, for “*And am* a man who can say that *I*,” &c.

Read “*And a* man who can say that, need,” &c.

Page 72, line 15, for “*to*,” read “*with*.”

Page 78, line 28, for “*in*,” read “*to*.”

Page 82, line 30, dele “*and*.”

Page 98, line 4 from the bottom, for “*is*,” read “*are*.”

ERRATA IN NO. II.

Page 118, line 5, for “*footpath*,” read “*foot-bath*.”

Page 119, line 2, for “*couchant*,” read “*couchante*.”

Page 142, line 12, for “*pit*,” read “*spit*.”



